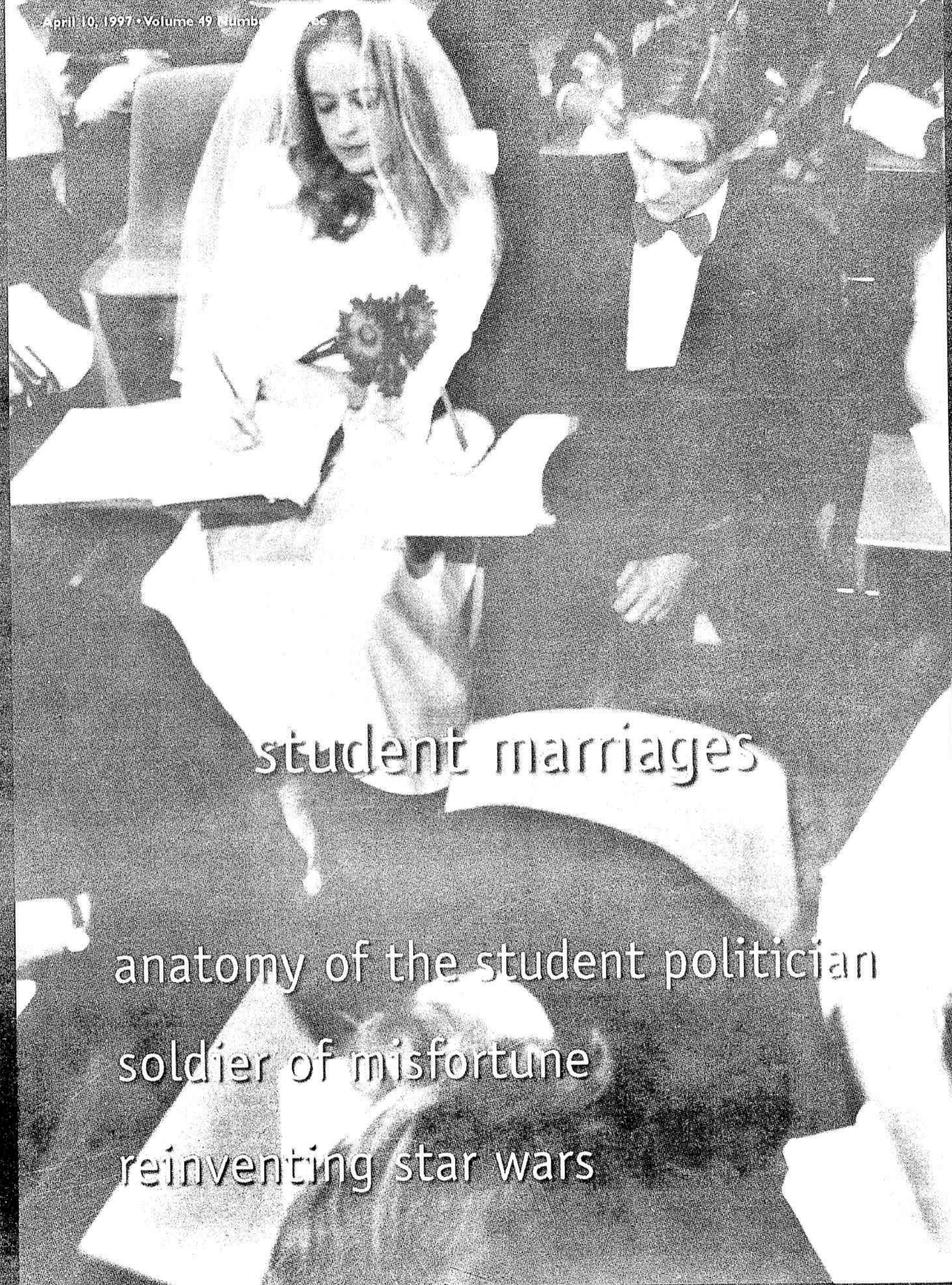


WORONI

April 10, 1997 • Volume 49 Number 1



student marriages

anatomy of the student politician

soldier of misfortune

reinventing star wars

unibar



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TOOL

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SAT 12 APR

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**THE DAMNED
+ X**

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JAZZ N JUGS

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soldier of misfortune

13 *The army wants you. The question is, do you want it? ANU Student PATRICK TAYLOR gives a personal account of his experiences as a ready reserve recruit.*

the anatomy of the student politician

16 *Do you run in terror when you see someone selling Socialist Worker? Do you think that the the young Nationalists are a bunch of narrow-minded roo-shootin' gits? NELL SKINNER and MELISSA KENT discover that student politicians are people too.*

I do, I do, I do

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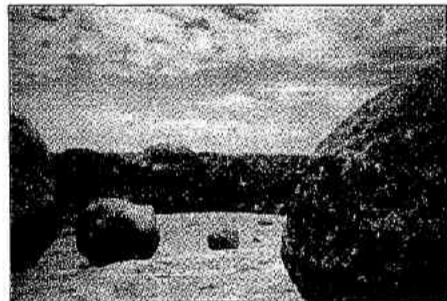
COVER: This issue's cover was created using Katie's mum's wedding dress, Stephen's sister's veil, Ben Reese's top hat, Stephen's formal gear and the students of English 1001. *photo: James Painter*

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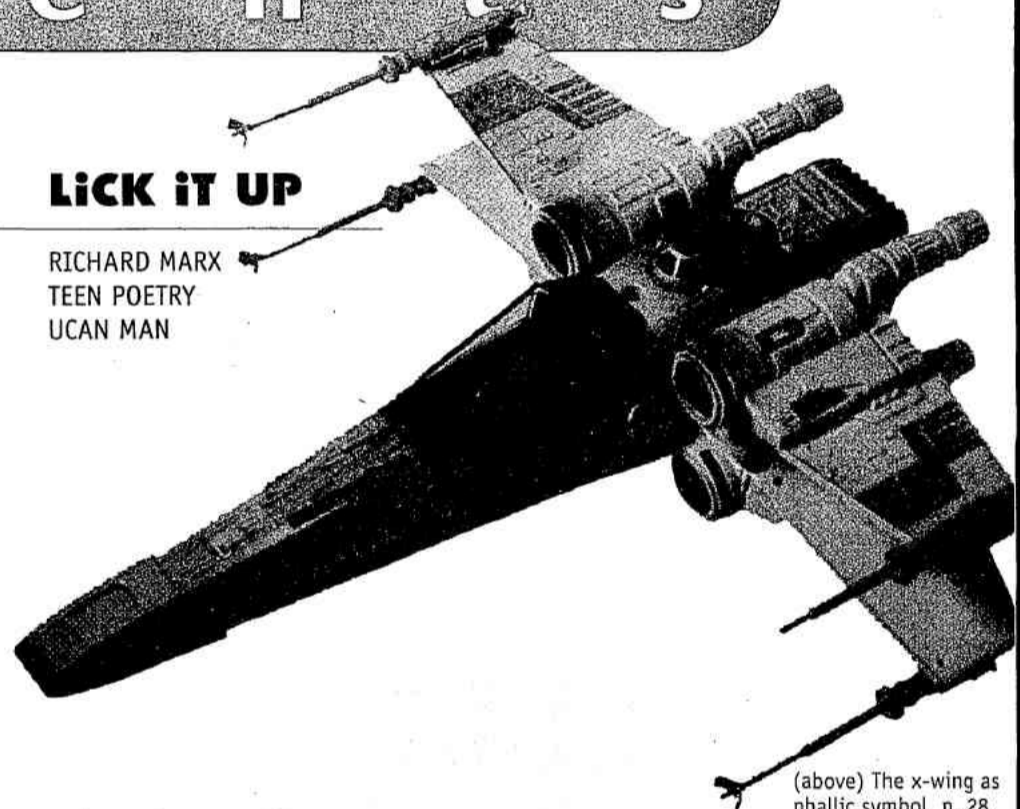
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UCAN MAN



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(left) Is Keanu's new biography as bad as his acting? p. 30

FIRST UP

ice is back with my

freak of the week

The *Woroni* editors were astounded by the contortions performed by this month's Freak of the Week, Brianna. She discovered that she could link her hands behind her back and then bring them over her head only two years ago. Since then, Brianna has regularly performed the "arm thing" at parties, weddings and bar mitzvahs. Unfortunately, her doctor has informed her that if she continues to do this move, her shoulders will calcify. Come to the *Woroni* office, Brianna, to collect your uni bar tickets. If you can do something disgusting with your body, come into the *Woroni* office and win.



Number of songs in the Zit Remedy's repertoire: 1 Number of times the y p

What's On In Canberra

CAMELOT
The legendary tale of Arthur and his knights takes to the stage again, this time under the direction of the Anthony Hoskings. *Camelot* based on T.H White's book *The Once and Future King*, is being staged by the All that Jazz Theatre Company at the Erindale theatre from the 10-12 and 17-19 of April. Sheena Smith, an honours Student at ANU stars as Guinevere and is also the choreography director. The show focusses on the lighter side of the legend — it's a musical with lyrics by Alan

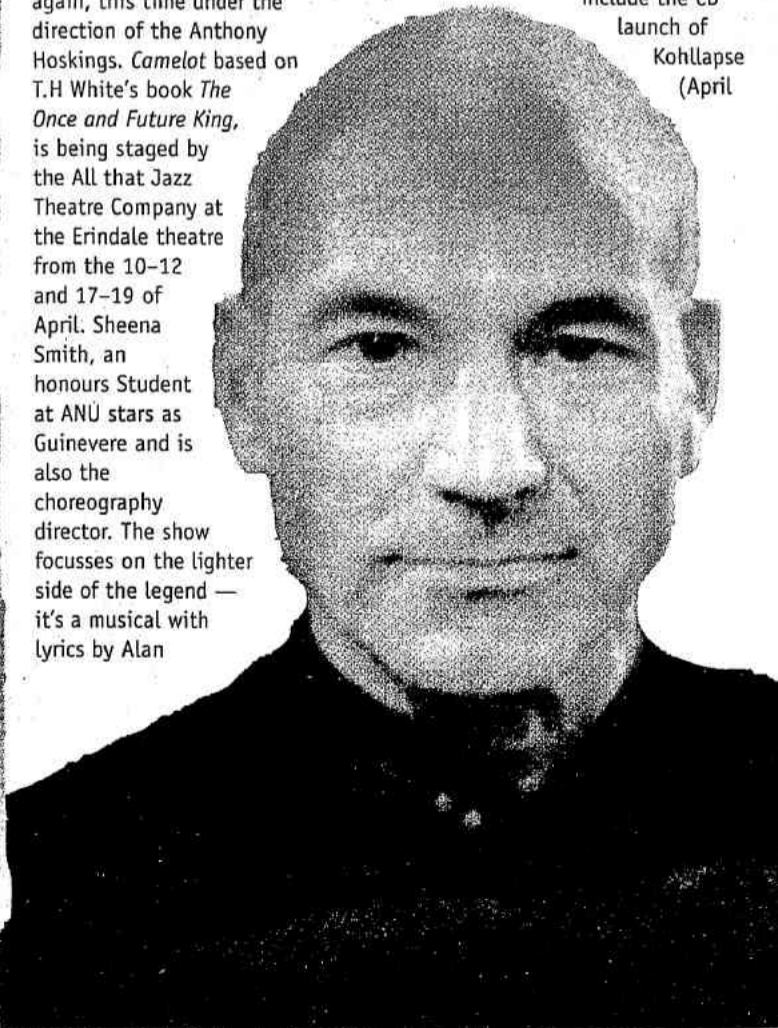
Jay Werner and music by Fredrick Lowe. *Camelot* has a long history and was even translated into a Warner Bros film in the 60s. If you're into fun theatre with a good story then catch the show.

UNI BAR
April and May are chockablock with great bands. Events include the CD launch of Kohllapse (April

12), the Damned (April 15), Jazz n Jugs with Rebecca's Soul — free to ANU students (April 17), Henry's Anger and Headlifter on April 18, Magic Dirt the April 23, and of course Jim Rose Circus Side Show on April 29. Bikini Kill star on the 30th. Coming up in May are Nancy Vandal (May 2), Blowhard (May 3) and NOFX on the 29th. Watch out for the 1997 ACT DJ Championships on Saturday July 12. Promised for later in the year are Powderfinger, Blur, the Tea Party and Morphine. Prices for gigs vary depending on the band, doors to the Bar and Refectory open at 8pm.

STEVE WRIGHT
Mr Blonde glances at the tied and bound police officer, turns up the radio and across the waves come the dulcet tones of the dead-pan DJ. The movie was, of course, *Reservoir Dogs*, the DJ, Steve Wright. Appearing at the Canberra School of Music on Thursday 17th of April is the dead-pan master, Steve Wright. The stand-up comedian who dares to ask the hard questions such as "Why is the alphabet in that order?" Wright's career has included many movies and a continuing role in *Mad About You*. It is Wright's ability to see even the most mundane as curious or funny which makes him so extraordinary. Influences such as Monty Python and Salvador Dali combine to present Wright's world.

ENVIRONMENTAL NEWS
If you are interested in the environment then you should listen to 'the Winds of Change', 9-



(above) *Star Trek: First Contact* on at film group this month

Thursday

10
APRIL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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23	24	25	26	27	28	29	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
30	31												

100

255

Business is a combination of war and sport.
— Andre Maurois

1997

Calendar

APRIL

- 10-12-17-19 *Camelot* at the Erindale Theatre
- 11 **Black Brothers** and supports at the Uni Bar
- 12 *Star Trek: First Contact* at the Film Group
- Until 12 **3 Sisters Called Eve** Currong Contemporary Arts Theatre
- Until 12 *Little Hotel On the Side* at the ANU Arts Centre
- 12-20 **The Australian Science Festival**
- Until 13 **Vestments for the Mind's Memory** & recent works by Jan Murray at the Drill Hall Gallery
- 15 **Amnesty International training session** for speakers — Refugee Campaign (for details contact the Club on x 0037)
- 15 **The Damned** and X at the Uni Bar
- 16 Phillip Adams "Bigotry and the Bunyip" 12.30pm ANU Arts Centre
- 15-19 **The Challenge** at the Canberra Theatre
- 17 **Steve Wright** at the Canberra School of Music
- 22-26 **Pygmalion** at the Canberra Theatre
- 23-24 **Conferring of degrees** 10 am & 2 pm at Llewellyn Hall
- 24 **Graduation Ball** at the Uni Bar — tickets on sale now
- 29 **Jim Rose Circus Side Show** at the Uni Bar
- 29-31 **German Philosophy Conference** MCC Theatre 4. For more details call Dr Christensen on 2494483

MAY

- 8 **Sheryl Crow** at the Royal Theatre
- 13 **Ben Elton** at the Royal Theatre
- Until 13 **Artist's Books** : An exhibition at the Art School Gallery
- 17 **Law Ball** in the Karmel Rooms. For tickets, call 249 0687
- Until 23 **Recent Works by Phillipa Matthews and Hand Rendered Photography by Andrew Sikorski** at the Design plus Gallery Mon to Sat 10-5 and 'til 9 on Thursdays
- 25 **Illapu — the voice of Chile.** at Llewellyn theatre

The Dunlop KT-26

The fact that the Dunlop KT26 remains the ugliest shoe ever made is a testament to its incredible staying power. Attempts to make ever more hideous sneakers have been carried out by Nike with their complete over use of dynamic striping. The KT26, however, stands tongue and sole above the crowd.

You never forget your first pair of KT's. Your mum would bring them home in the mistaken belief that their seemingly futuristic exterior was what "All the kids wanted". Little did she realise the years of schoolyard pain and subsequent life scarring that was to accompany having to wear them to PE. Their attractive combination of "lizard gut blue" and swanky silver made them impossible to hide from the other kids.

Simply put, the KT26 acts as a high water mark for all those attempts to make daggy K Mart brands "hip to the kids". The KT26 was the original innovator of crap sports shoe masquerading as an innovation in sneaker technology — your "Sportz", your "Apple Pies", and your "Pro Sports". *Woroni* is proud to salute this pioneer of the sporting fashion faux pas.



Woroni salutes

celebrity look-alike

Third year Arts student Henry Nixon says that he has often been compared to the brooding Val Kilmer. After turning down offers to star as Batboy, Batman's precocious younger cousin, in the fourth and final Batman film, Henry decided to go public. "When I saw your celebrity look-alike competition, I knew I had to enter," Nixon told *Woroni*. "I was playing volleyball the other day with some friends and I just couldn't get any peace. I hope that the world can now acknowledge our similarity and leave me to my fighter jets." Henry has won two tickets to the Unibar concert of his choice. If you or any of your friends look like a someone famous, send a photo to the *Woroni* office and win.

celebrity parents

The search for Canberra's celebrity parents has taken a new and dramatic twist, with conflicting tips as to the location of Jackie Chan's parents. The spectacularly unhelpful initial advice to "look it up in the phone book" has given way to two different street addresses. Ian Thomas advises us that Jackie's parents live in Curtin, and has even gone so far as to provide a street name and number.

It is Chandra, from the ANU hairdressers, who wins our tickets, however, for the bonus information that the guy who trained Bruce Lee lives in Melbourne. Come to the *Woroni* office, Chandra, to collect your prize.

Nevertheless, the conflict over

Jackie's parents has the *Woroni* team's curiosity well and truly piqued. We want to up the stakes. We want proof. We want photos. We want sightings. We want hard-core in-your-face just-the-facts evidence. We want to know Jackie's story — why did he come here? Why did mom and dad decide to stay? Many of the rumours we heard circulate around mysterious hub of Dickson's china town. It's said Jackie's parents own a restaurant there; some say they own the whole street. What's the story?

Bring your info to the *Woroni* office or phone it through on our celebrity parent hotline — 248 7127.

the y played it during the course of *Degrassi*: 379

10 am Thursdays on 1008AM. Topics covered recently have been nuclear waste, animal testing, biodiversity, environment in Asia, and endangered species. 'The winds of change' also has the latest and most way-out music never heard on commercial radio. Most importantly the program is run by students for students. If 'The Winds of Change' whets your appetite then listen to 'Greenspot' at 12 am Saturdays, same station, for more enviro-news.

DYNAMO

DynamO theatre, from Canada, are performing the *Challenge* at the Canberra theatre 15-19 April as part of the Made to Move 97 season. "It is a simple story. There was a party, don't remember why. It doesn't really matter. We were bored. We took off... just to get somewhere else. Anywhere, nowhere, lost changed. So something might happen. Just for once."

Critically acclaimed from Toronto to Manchester, DynamO theatre combines dance, acrobatics and a little bit of theatre to produce a show full of high spirits and energy, akin to the adolescent years the story seeks to evoke. It stars 4 young performers who fight, tease and flirt, searching for the next challenge until that line is pushed too far. Described by one reviewer as "frankly sexy", it appears DynamO theatre have managed to combine drama, dance and gymnastics in a way we can all appreciate.

YOUNG ACHIEVEMENT AUSTRALIA

Young Achievement Australia is an organisation which gives students the chance to set up and run a small business. It is great way to obtain business experience and looks impressive on your CV. The programme commences in late April/early May and runs for 24 weeks. Contact Vicki Thompson on (06) 205 0762 or fax (06) 207 8710 to obtain more information and an enrolment form.

BUREAU OF REVOLUTIONARY EXPERIMENTAL DISINTERESTED ONEIRIC MATERIALIS

Join BOREDOME. Our 'happenings' are picket lines where education can be saved. We want to channel these situations so that they suit our fondest whims. We care neither for their beauty or their sublime. We are interested in inciting riots and strikes. At the same time we investigate the real potentials of the mind; associative, psychokinetic, onieric and imaginative. We thus claim the mantle of revolutionary surrealism. Phone 249 2755.

COOL JAZZ BY FIREPLACE AND FAIRYLIGHTS

The Australasian Union of Jewish Students welcomes Fiona and Elly, President and Vice-President of AUJS national, to the ANU. Come along for cocktails and chat with the delightful duo on Friday 11th after 8pm. For full details ring Ethan on 230 5321.



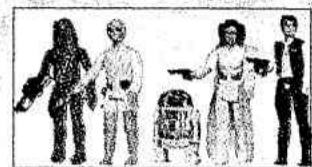
Woroni's Freak of the Week is a likely candidate to run off and join. Jim Rose's Circus, at the Uni Bar this month

WORONI

issue 2 volume 49
anu students association
canberra, act, 0200.

ph: (06) 248 7127 fax: (06) 249 3967

email: woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au



editors-in-chief

CORIN "HAN" THROSBY
STEPHEN "OBI WAN" REBIKOFF

assistant editor

HELEN "EWOK CHIEFTAN" DREW

associate editors

KATIE "CHEWBACCA" FRASER
BRENDAN "C-3PO" SHANAHAN
JANE "LEIA" STRATTON

advertising manager

PETER "DARTH VADER" STILL

art director

JAMES "LANDO" PAINTER

general manager

MATT "LUKE" DARKE

director of student publications

JOHN "YODA" DYSON

printers

FINE PRINT

photographers:

MICHAEL COOK, TOBY GIDDINGS,
JAMES PAINTER

artists:

BEN HUTCHINGS, BIDDY MARONE,
DAVID SHRIGLEY, MANDY ORD
contributors: SVEN ARNISON, KATE BOOTH, JO BRISCOE, SARAH CHIDGEY, MICHAEL COOK, MICHELLE COOPER, LUCY COUSINS, ANDREW COX, GARTH CRAWFORD, TIM DIXON, REBECCA DEVITT, ROSLYN DUNDAS, JULIET EDISON, HARRY GREENWELL, PAUL HARRIS, JULIAN HENDERSON, SARAH HUTCHINGS, BEN HUTCHINGS, KATE JONES, DANIEL JOYCE, SHARON KENNETT, ADAM MCGLASHAN, FELICITY MULLENS, LANA NADJ, BIANCA NOGRADY, KATE PENHALLURICK, BEN REEVES, ADRIAN REGAN, JASON RICHARDSON, JIM RICHTER, NICO ROEHRICH, MATTHEW SEATON, BRENDAN SHANAHAN, NICK SHAW, DAN SILKSTONE, BEN STAUGHTON, WAYNE TERPSTRA, MARK-LEON THORNE, RICHARD WILLIAMS

office assistants: ROSLYN DUNDAS,
STEFAN KAUFMAN

supermodels: JASON CLARK, KATE PENHALLURICK

thanks to: GERALDINE CHIN, LOUISE GAUNSON, NICK GOODWIN, KAREN HAGEN, ANNE MCCUSKER, MATT "THE EMPEROR" TINNING

this issue's song lyrics: "ICE ICE BABY" PERFORMED BY VANILLA ICE
Woroni denies allegations that it is connected to the 1989 CIA plot to get children to listen to white music
woroni is the official publication of the Australian national university students' association

the opinions expressed in *woroni* are not necessarily those of the editors, students' association, or *woroni* staff.

"It is a period of civil war. Rebel space ships, striking from a hidden base have won their first victory against the Galactic Empire. During the battle, Rebel spies managed to steal secret plans to the Empire's ultimate weapon, the Death Star, an armored space station with enough power to destroy an entire planet. Pursued by the Empire's sinister agents, Princess Leia races home aboard her starship, custodian of the stolen plans that can save her people and restore freedom to the galaxy..."

deadline for next issue:

April 17

Vinegar Tit's high school garbage

Dear *Woroni*,
I worry about poor old (young) Vinegar Tits.

Quite obviously her contribution to the 'debate' in the last *Woroni* concerning mature-age students was primarily meant to foster angered responses. And it did quite blatantly, and emotively endorse a rather warped and ignorant mainstream idea.

My response here is not to attack this view, for it is nothing but fictional journalism aimed at students who may feel annoyed (envious) that mature agers "buzz" in class and have the social maturity to contribute to discussion (while most of us undergrads find it kinda cool not to read before a lecture because its really boring, and only want to pass anyway...)

If people actually found Vinegar Tit's account of mature age students funny (because, like, it's so true) then I worry about our own generation of undergrads.

What with increases to HECS, and cutbacks to Austudy how can someone let themselves fail? Having to repeat a unit not only doubles the HECS payable for that unit, it also requires that you stay at uni longer (you never know, one day you may actually reach the independent age of 25).

I wonder, then, how we have the right to even joke about the enthusiasm of mature-agers. At least they are receiving an education and not just a pass on a piece of paper.

Mature-agers are here for education, and it seems that undergrads like Vinegar Tits are here for bugger all. Could it be because they do not feel pressured to be cool and, like, not read or hand in dumb assessable tute papers, because, you know that would be being keen? Really, enough of this high school garbage.

Who is going to benefit more from an education: a mature-ager who actually enjoys the course and its content, or a surface learning undergrad who finds the course and its content boring and dumb? You decide.

—JO PURCELL
4TH YEAR ARTS/LAW

Comfortably wearing the mature-age label

Dear *Woroni*,
I enjoyed reading Opinion in the March issue of *Woroni*.

V. Tit's acerbic view of mature-age students (MASs) getting what they want, was most entertaining, and contrasted with P. Mackerras' encouragement of tolerance and appreciation of what the MASs can offer; neither view is reassuring to me as a 41 year old student.

Instead I ask what does the presence of MASs signify, especially in larger numbers, and I recognise two possible alternatives: a threat to an ideology which valorises and privileges youth, or a positive model, that growing older does not equate to dullness of brain and intolerance, or being stuck with a career choice made 20 years previously.

A mature-age student has had to undo their own myths about aging to re-enter the academic institution and be surrounded by talented young students.

Knowing I'm categorised as a mature-age student helps me feel less isolated as an older student. Perhaps this is one label I can comfortably wear.

—DOG BREATH

John's intelligentsia?

Dear *Woroni*,
Those who know me well acknowledge the fact that given even the slightest opportunity, mine is an approach of gleeful condescension and elitism. Which is precisely why I thank Caroline Knight and Michael Cook for their article 'Colleges in Crisis' (*Woroni* 49, 2).


Beyond the article's more obvious orthographical, syntactical and elementary grammatical errors — the enumeration (or even slightest mention) of which might leave me open to the charge of (the gods forbid) didacticism — are the article's more sensationalistic claims, or in particular, that relating to the possible closure of John XXIII College at the end of this year.

The actual truth is a somewhat different story: but it's the very truth which authors of a beat-up never want to hear, given that mundane facts give little scope for sensationalism. Thus, easily explained is the conundrum as to why the writers of the article — in the twin interests of balance and accuracy — failed to seek a single comment from anyone with even the most tenuous connection to the College's administration.

It'd be with varying degrees of relief on the part of *Woroni*'s dear readers, I'm sure, to learn that the current position of John's, while by no means ideal, is far from being precarious; and certainly any talk of actual closure is incredibly absurd. Within its walls sound the footsteps of those who achieve in all manner of academic and cultural fields: Australia's most accomplished young concert pianist, for instance, called John's home for the four years up until last year; and of the ANU's National Undergraduate scholars, a significant proportion are resident at John's.

Knight and Cook can do much,

ONCE AGAIN WE MUST ASK
THE QUESTION:
BABY OR SMALL, BALD ADULT?



much better than to allow mere rumour to so influence their — and I cough the word up — reporting. The words condescension and elitism with which I referred to myself earlier might be better employed in describing two writers who, for even a moment, reckoned that they might churn out something — anything, indeed — to a readership too fatuous to see it for what it is; or given even some degree of discernment, too apathetic to respond. Apart from filling pages 16 and 17, and providing the John's intelligentsia which much reason for humour, the article achieved very little.

Keep trying, Caroline and Michael. Perhaps in the meantime you could both exercise your writing skills — at least at their current level — in a manner somewhat less public.

—MATTHEW BOGUNOVICH
JOHN XXIII COLLEGE

Drinking with the Democrats

Dear *Woroni*,
To discuss the concept of a "real" alternative in federal politics without mentioning the Australian Democrats is like going to the bar and not drinking; a pointless and ultimately frustrating exercise. The one party which has consistently fought for students' rights, provides the real alternative to the mimicry of the Labor and Liberal parties — and provides an alternative which has the power to influence events, unlike Resistance.

When HECS was introduced by the Labor Party, one of the most regressive steps ever for education, the Australian Democrats opposed it in the Senate, as they have opposed every increase in its level since. No other party can say this. When the Labor government proposed introducing double HECS for second degrees, it was the Democrats who blocked it. The Democrats have won important concessions for students, and are the only party to consistently support free education.

Last year the Democrats campaigned against the Liberal increases to HECS and destruction of Austudy — only the efforts of Harradine and Colston — more interested in themselves than equity in education — prevented the Democrats stopping the implementation of these draconian measures designed to gut the Australian higher education sector.

The Democrats do not merely rely on rhetoric. They have a con-

sistent record of which they can be proud. It is not merely in the area of education that they provide a sound alternative. The Democrats are the original and the best green party; they have fought for justice within the industrial relations sector; they have campaigned for equal rights for everyone. The Democrats present a viable, intelligent, effective, and most importantly, totally student friendly alternative — something which neither Resistance or the ALP can do.

—JAMES CONNOR
AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRAT STUDENT CLUB

Please explain, Andrew

Dear *Woroni*,
There are two errors in Andrew Dempster's letter (issue 2). First, there is no such word as 'firstly'. Second, there is no such word as 'secondly' either.

Goodnight to you.
—PATRICK MACKERRAS

Write to us.

Nothing makes the *Woroni* office manager more happy than finding a big pile of letters waiting for him in his in-tray. If anything makes you feel sad, happy or angry, write and tell us about it — and help put a smile on Matt's face.

You can write to us c/- ANU Students' Association or email us on woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au. Please keep letters under 300 words if you want them to be published.



The SA

A Student's Dream

Turn your time at uni into a fairy tale. Come into the Students' Association above the uni bar and ask for student advocacy or welfare advice, join a club or society, get involved with Bush Week, contribute to Woroni or Amida, buy a cheap 2nd hand book or lab coat, access international student services, pick up free condoms or confidentially discuss women's or sexuality issues, become environmentally or politically active, just come and have a whinge and see if we can help ...

Austudy wedding blues

by Michael Cook

DO YOU, BEN REESE, take Anita Beck for richer and for poorer?

'For poorer.'

'In sickness and in health?'

'In sickness.'

'In good times and in bad times?'

'In bad times!'

'Til death do you part?'

'Til death do us part... or until I reach 25.'

It was a marriage made not in heaven, but in desperation.

In a formal ceremony in Union Court on March 26, attended by hundreds of well-wishers and surrounded by TV cameras, ANU students Ben Reese and Anita Beck were 'married'. There were elaborate wedding invitations, a tuxedoed groom, a blushing bride, an exchange of vows and even champagne — but the event was, unfortunately, a sham.

The mock marriage, part of the National Day of Action organised throughout Australia's universities, was staged to highlight the hardship caused by the Government's Austudy policies. Chief among complaints was the 'unjust' and 'pecu-

liar' rule that people cannot claim independent Austudy until the age of 25, unless they prove independent status through marriage.

Despite neither bride or groom being able to afford rings, they were married nonetheless. The couple, now eligible for Austudy payments, walked back down the aisle. The reckless crowd showered them with rice until PARSA President and groomsman Nigel Snoad yelled, "Hey, that's two weeks worth of food for a student!"

Doug Kelly, National Tertiary Education Union Branch President and honorary father of the bride, bestowed on the young couple the beautiful gift of a "24-carat Vanstone knife — it's blunt, big, and useless, but it's just right for cutting University funding".

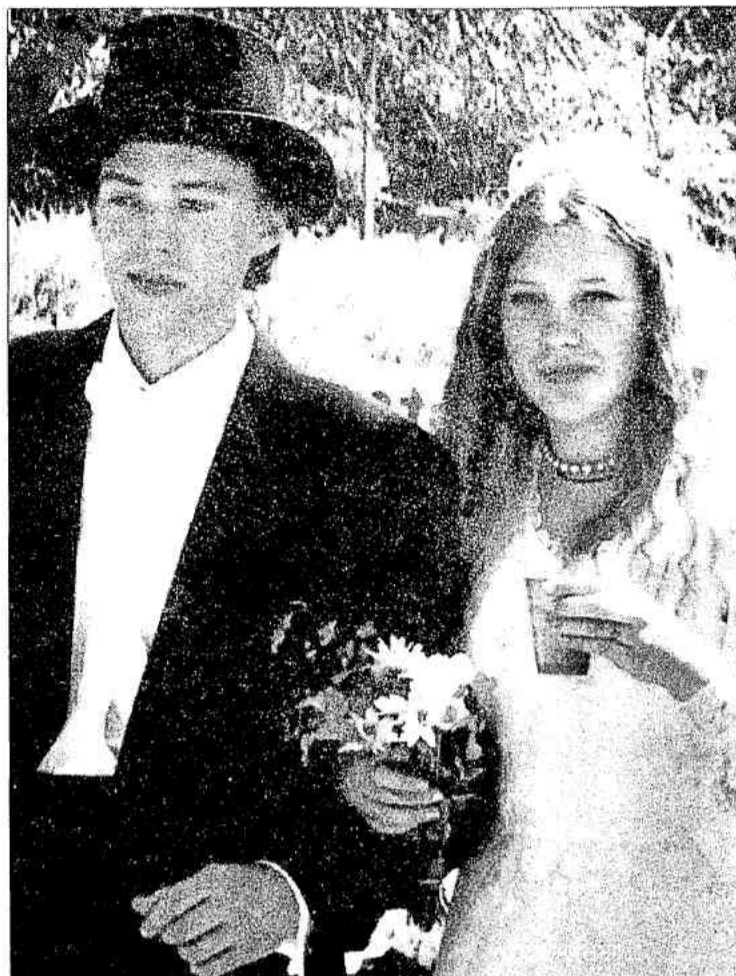
Best man and Student Association President, Matt Tinning, gave an impassioned speech after the ceremony denouncing the Government's plans to cut and restrict Austudy payments. "Ben, the groom, told me he had one overriding reason for getting married: money! He can't get independent

Austudy until he's 25, unless he's had a child, or been married, or unless a counsellor informs the government he's never going to speak to his parents again!"

"When the Government was talking about family values at the last election, we didn't realise their idea of family values was forcing young people into marriage just to be able to survive at University!"

SA General Secretary 'Father' Harry Greenwell, who presided over the service, believes the 'marriage' demonstrated that many students are suffering from the Government's policies. "The message we're trying to get across is that the Austudy system is unfair and restrictive; there are many students who cannot get access to it, which jeopardises their University education."

The well-attended reception was held outside the ANU Chancellery where the newly-weds were introduced to each of the 15 police officers stationed outside the doors of the building. Vice-Chancellor Deane Terrell was invited to join the festivities and make a speech to the crowd, but he declined.



(above) Expediently married couple Ben Reese and Anita Beck partake of some champers to celebrate their nuptials and incoming Austudy cheques

PHOTO BY MICHAEL COOK

Postgrad scholarships may be taxed

THE FEDERAL TREASURER is moving to tax scholarships received by postgraduate research students. Under a 1994 ruling of the Australian Taxation Office, the ATO has the power to tax post graduate scholarships. To actually do so they require a directive from the Treasurer Mr Peter Costello.

ANU PARSA President and member of CAPA (the Council of Australian Postgraduate Associations), Nigel Snoad, said that any decision to implement the tax would "come down to a fight between Amanda Vanstone (on the side of students for the first time in history) and Peter Costello, with the Prime Minister refereeing."

The implementation of a tax on postgraduate scholarships would result in "postgraduates becoming the most poorly paid professionals in Australia" said Snoad. Where a student is deemed to be providing a service to the scholarship provider they will be taxed on their scholarship.

This is most likely to occur in situations where the student assigns their intellectual property rights to the university in return for the scholarship.

Also affected would be scholarships which are connected with industry research. Students would have to apply to the Taxation Department for an assessment of their scholarship and tax liability.

Taxes on postgraduate scholarships could result in students leaving research because they cannot afford to study — particularly since many postgrad students are older and have family commitments. They say that this will result in the overall decline in the quality of Australian universities and a shortage research trained staff in industry.

Nigel Snoad said that PARSA is writing to every scholarship provider that the ANU has, to urge them to lobby the Federal Treasurer and other Ministers against supporting the proposal.

The Democrats are also running a petition for students to sign. A copy of this will be available in the Students' Association.

The move can be defeated either by the Treasurer directing that the scholarships not be taxed, or in the event of the Tax Act being amended to reflect a tax exempt status for postgraduate scholarships. A decision on the matter is likely to be made in the next few months.

Nigel Snoad said that CAPA is considering legal action in the event of a decision to tax scholarships in order to define the extent of the operation of the tax. He said that whilst theoretically undergraduate scholarships are also at risk, it is unlikely that they will be taxed.

—MICHAELA PETERS



Legal Aid Cuts

NATIONAL SECRETARY of the Legal Aid Office, Kay Barralet was the guest speaker at the ANU Law Students Society's third Lunch Time Forum on March 26. Ms Barralet spoke about the structure of Legal Aid Funding in Australia and the effect of the proposed federal government funding cuts to Legal Aid. The cuts could result in people going unrepresented in the courts and ultimately result in wrongful convictions and imprisonments. Ms Barralet encouraged students to join in the protest. Above is one of the specially designed postcards (available at the Legal Aid Office) which can be sent to Federal ministers to urge them to reconsider their decision to cut legal aid.

ANU student injured in police raid on UTS

ANU STUDENT AND former SA President Hamish McPherson was bitten by a police attack dog when riot police broke up a peaceful student occupation of University of Technology Sydney's administration offices.

The students were protesting against the introduction of up front fees at UTS, the proposed Common Youth Allowance and cuts to university funding. They occupied the offices on Wednesday March 26. The occupation was broken up at 3am on Saturday 29 when 100 police stormed the offices.

Eyewitnesses said that police used attack dogs, truncheons, sledge hammers and crowbars in their raid on the building. Two students were wounded by attack dogs, although police and ambulance spokespersons deny this. An NUS spokesman, David Michel said that "the raid was carried out when most of the 150 students present were asleep. Police used force which was brutal and completely unwarranted".

Students from about six different universities were present at the occupation, which had the support of the NSW and National Union of Students. Eight people from Canberra, including four ANU students, travelled to Sydney to offer their support to the protesters.

ANU SWSC member Ben Halliday, who was present at the occupation, said that students had no warning before police raided the

building. There were no arrests, but several students were searched and fingerprinted.

Hamish McPherson was bitten by the dog on his bottom and apparently said "the dog's bitten me on the arse" when the dog's teeth sunk home. Fortunately, he suffered no permanent injury.

The NUS is calling for the resignation of the University of Technology Sydney Vice Chancellor Tony Blake. Mr Blake apparently ordered the police raid on the pretext that students were interfering with student records, damaging property, and refusing to negotiate and to leave the offices. Ben Halliday says that students had voted to lock the office where student records are situated and that no negotiations or responses to the students' demands had been made by the university administration.

He pointed to the power of the occupation as a means of protest, saying that the occupation effectively crippled the administration in three days.

NUS spokesman Mr Michel said that the occupation took place because "students are desperate to draw government attention to the dangerous course down which their higher education agenda is taking the students of this country".

The next National Day of Action at ANU to protest against these changes will be held on May 8.

Keeping the rain off

UNIVERSITY ACCOMMODATION SERVICES began operation on 14 March and will operate a 'one-stop shop' where students can both apply for Hall and College accommodation and obtain Housing Referral Service assistance to find housing on the private rental market.

UAS combines the operations of the existing Housing Office (which was responsible for providing accommodation for staff members and postgraduate students with families) and the Student Accommodation Office (which was responsible for accommodation for single undergraduate and postgraduate students). The goal is to provide accommodation services in the form which best suits the University's changing requirements.

There will be no obvious changes to the service in 1997, as UAS is being prepared for full implementation by the beginning of the 1998 academic year.

New technology will allow electronic lodgment of accommodation applications (especially via the World Wide Web) and provide a centralised database and information

system. The World Wide Web will also be utilised as a means of disseminating information on demand. Currently, information about UAS services can be found at <http://www.anu.edu.au/admin/housing/>.

The establishment of UAS was partially driven by the need to effect operational savings and provide cost effective accommodation referral services.

The changes to the service reflect a shift away from university owned properties (used to house staff and postgraduate students with households of two or more) to a greater involvement in the local private rental market to accommodate members of the University community.

University Accommodation Services will embrace all University accommodation areas. Widespread consultation with the various accommodation providers on campus, in particular the Heads, Halls and Colleges, has already commenced.

UAS will also oversee and manage the day to day operations of the University Conference Office.

—PETER STILL



(above) The umpires relax after the annual Town v Gown cricket match held at ANU during the Canberra Festival. Town convincingly defeated Gown by four wickets.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL COOK

Foot Patrol uncertainty persists

RUMOURS PERSIST THAT the ANU evening Foot Patrol will be cut despite reassurances to the contrary from Head of Security Alex Chryst.

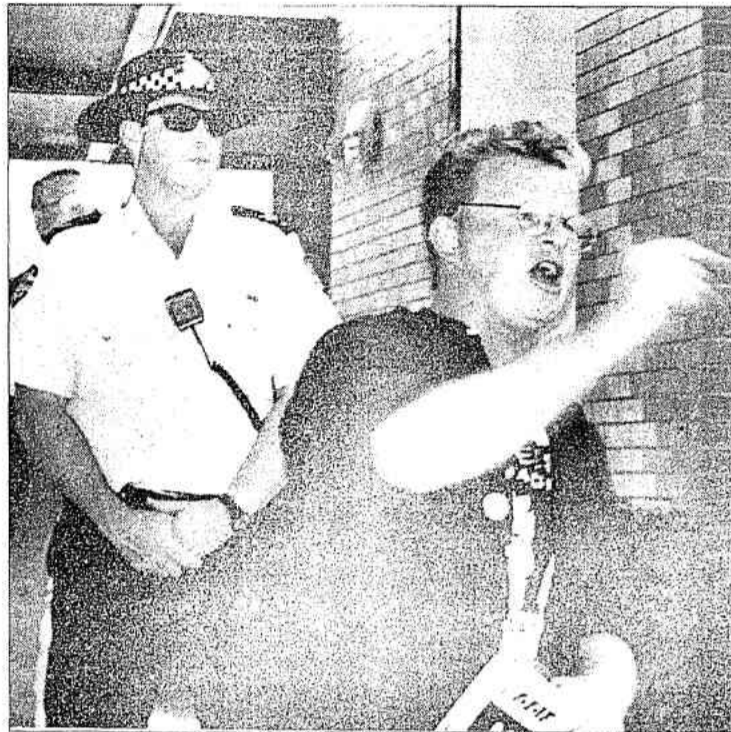
A Security Officer says that the patrol will cease to exist at the end of May. He says that new rosters indicate that after 9pm only two people will be rostered on the security service. Prior to that there will be six officers working, but four will be locking up buildings and booking cars.

The Officer says statements that the service will be retained are misrepresentations — indications are that the service will, in effect, be "abolished at the end of May".

Ray must never win another Logie

ORDINARY AUSSIES AGAINST Ray Martin are a group who "call upon all those who quiver at the sight of the wigged one, the forgotten generation who still remember how to think" to rise up against the force of Ray and his "facile one-liners". They are campaigning to prevent Ray from ever winning another Logie. OAARM urge ordinary Aussies to buy a TV Week, fill in the Logies voting form and vote *A Current Affair* best comedy series.

Anyone who wants to join in the struggle against Ray can contact OAARM at LPO Box 1 ANU ACT 2601, or email oaarm@blitzen.canberra.edu.au.



(above) Student socialist worker member Ben Halliday appealing to the masses during a recent demonstration

PHOTO BY MICHAEL COOK

Peter Reith bails

THE SOCIALIST WORKERS Students Club were primed and ready for the arrival of Peter Reith on campus on the evening of March 24.

Mr Reith was due to discuss the Government's Industrial Relations Strategy as part of the ANU's Occasional Lecture Series. Unfortunately he failed to turn up and sent in his place a minion to deliver the paper.

The doors of the Law Lecture Theatre were locked by ANU Security once the lecture commenced so that protesting students and late-comers were shut out. Police and

ANU Security struggled with students as they went into the building and began to bang on the doors in a vain attempt to hear about Mr Reith's plans to restructure the workplace.

Students were supported by members of the audience in their protests against being locked out of the lecture. As for the speech itself? Who knows what it was about. All *Woroni* could see through the little glass panels in the door were some rather fascinating looking graphs.

—MICHAELA PETERS

Law changes roll on

THE ANU LAW Faculty continues its push to restructure the Law degree. At a public meeting to explain the changes John McMillan, the then Sub-Dean of the Law Faculty and member of the Curriculum Review Committee, said that the changes would definitely be implemented by 1998. He said that whilst the Faculty was in general agreement that the proposed 8 unit per year structure was appropriate, transitional measures were still being worked out.

The Faculty has released a paper on possible transition rules for students. However, it was emphasised at the meeting that this document is not final or fully detailed.

President of the Law Students Society, Geraldine Chin, said that feedback from students indicated that students are in agreement with the changes. However it is clear that there are considerable difficulties with modifications to electives and transition phases. The society is also concerned about contact hours, course content and how the graduate programme will be affected.

Consultation with students on the

basic measures for change ceased on April 2. The Law Students Society will present their views to the Curriculum Review Committee and the Committee is due to finalise their recommendations to Faculty on April 7. From there the proposals will go to the Faculty Education Committee, the Law Faculty and the Board of Faculties.

Only the bare bones of the changes will be passed at these meetings. The detail of the changes, including the content of courses and transitional arrangements will be worked out during intensive consultation during the next six months between staff, students and the Curriculum Review Committee and are currently in no way final.

Geraldine Chin said that students can continue to make submissions to the Law Society on how the changes will affect them and make suggestions for transitional arrangements. The Law Faculty hopes to make extra time and resources available to students in order to hear their concerns as the detail of the degree structure is planned.

—HELEN DREW

bits in brief

Easter debating tournament

Over the Easter long weekend, twenty eight members of the ANU Debating Society participated in the Easters Debating Intersarsity at the University of Melbourne. All the debating teams performed well. ANU 4 (Michael Zorbas, John Asker & Belinda Shearman) made the quarter finals, where they were defeated by the ultimate winners, a team from Melbourne Uni. ANU 1 (Nick Wood, Dylan Matthews & Paul Barnsley) made it to the semi finals, where they lost to the same team. Two ANU debaters, Michael Zorbas and Anthea Roberts, were ranked among the ten best speakers at the tournament.

Debating is only one part of the IV experience. The University of Melbourne is to be congratulated on organising some fine parties which the ANU contingent enjoyed to the full.

Deputy VC gets top job

Professor Millicent Poole, ANU deputy Vice Chancellor in charge of the Faculties, has been appointed the as the new Vice Chancellor at Edith Cowan University in WA. She will leave the ANU to take up her new job in July.

C&S Room revamp

The Clubs and Societies room in the Students Association is currently undergoing major renovations. Students Association Administrator Karen Hagen said that new computers, adjustable chairs, a pin board and white board will be part of the regenerated C&S room. Eighty pigeonholes for the clubs and societies will be put up and a special workstation area for correspondence and telephone use will be created. The room will also be painted. The project should be completed by mid April. Karen would like to hear from anyone who is interested in helping with a freize for one wall of the room depicting the logos of ANU clubs and societies. Drop into the SA to volunteer or find out more information.

More wisdom from Amanda

A paper by Senator Vanstone on differential HECS delivered to representatives at an Australian Law Students Association meeting held at ANU last week contained this gem: "A law degree is worth about the same amount as a Holden Commodore".

Woroni



student comment

David Duigan

The theatre of protest

DOES ANYONE OUT there give a shit? On the National Day of Action, Wednesday 26th March, there was a protest against changes to Austudy, University funding, HECS increases and therefore the whole ideology of Education.

Lending credibility to Tocqueville's phrase "the theatre of revolution", a moderate crowd gathered for the spectacle of an 'Austudy marriage'. The marriage, designed to draw both students and media attention to the cause, paradoxically became the chief interest as spectacle — the crowd rapidly diminishing as soon as their participation was required.

Does this reflect a disenchantment with the mechanism of the protest, a general lack of interest on the part of the students, or does everyone honestly think we should treat the government like a small child — ignore it and it will go away.

The ghost of '68
The view of protests as clichés has its foundations in the popular uprisings of bored middle-class students of the late 60s.

Most of the free-love generation can now be found in board rooms

still romanticising their illusions of changing the whole world. As one radical journal writer of the time has remarked; "All that happened was a series of televised clashes with the police... so '68 was a media event mistaking self-indulgence for freedom, and fantasy for idealism."

This ghost of '68 feeds the general perception that protests are for hippies or radical elements and ultimately achieve nothing. Today's protests are perceived as pale imitations of the true 60s form — a place for radicals to assemble and chin-wag about how fucked the system is.

It is important to realise that the children of the sixties had never really known poverty and unemployment. Poverty and unemployment are, however, real threats today. The protest on Wednesday was nothing like an empty idealistic, theatrical homage to the sixties but an expression of genuine concern.

Individualism and Angst
Perhaps many students, who are not intentionally apathetic, do not want to be labelled as part of a political organisation which carries a lot of ideological, historical and political

baggage. Most students, rather than acknowledging the dedicated and active involvement of groups such as the Socialist Workers organisation or Resistance, see them as impassioned radicals who are anti-establishment and use Marches concerned with particular issues as a general forum for wider political injustices and grievances. This can be alienating for apolitical non-partisan students.

Combined with this is the very real belief that protests are ineffective. What did they achieve in the 60s? Perhaps this sense of hopelessness coupled with loss of individuality plays a major role in non-participation.

Towards a philosophy of action
The time has come, in the face of economic threats to university funding, student poverty and burgeoning unemployment, to create an atmosphere that dispels these fears and drives all students towards a common goal. This is only possible if we become aware of the choices available to us.

1. Concern v Apathy. Concern is not illusion. It is born out of an engagement with issues affecting all

students and the youth in general. To be concerned does not entail belonging to any political groups, just an identification with fellow students, and those to follow. It is not good enough to sit safely in Calypso's drinking coffee under the 'it won't happen to me' umbrella.

2. Action. If you are concerned and believe that what is happening is wrong you should express this in some way. Protests conducted by concerned individuals and focussed on particular topics are effective, but only in numbers. A pathetic gathering where police out-number protesters will only reinforce perceptions of protests as ineffective and the domain of fringe groups.

If you can't spare the time to protest, do something else like write a letter, join the non-partisan student union against cuts to higher education, or go to talk back at Parliament House.

Education is the most important facet of a healthy society. If you are sceptical, think of the fact that how you decide this is probably a result of your education.

on campus

Woroni asked some kids on campus (a) which *Star Wars* character they most identified with and (b) whether they would ever take a vow of marriage just to receive Austudy



(a) Darth Vader
(b) Yes, I like marriage

—LARS (ARTS)



(a) Princess Leia
(b) I'm engaged to get married in two years time, I wouldn't be eligible anyway

—JULIE (ARTS/SCIENCE)



(a) the ewok that got stomped on
(b) Yes — it would be entertaining

—NICK (ARTS)



(a) Han Solo — he got frozen and I identified with him for life

(b) Yeah, if it was a decent guy

—KATIE (SCIENCE)

Women's Officers

Equitable access to education

International Women's Day was on the 8th of March, and Canberra celebrated with a rally starting in Civic and Splash Out at Civic Pool. The rally was a vocal and empowering event, and a lot of credit must go to the women who got it running again after a few years lapse. The rally focused on stopping the backlash against the advances made by the women's movement, with emphasis on the cuts to women's services made by the liberal government. As ANU Women's Officers we spoke at the rally on women and education, and in particular about the ways in which cuts to education funding and increases in HECS impact on women.

Although it is important to celebrate women's achievements in education, it is imperative that we recognise that progress is still needed to achieve equitable access to education for women. Fighting for equality in education for women means working for adequate child care facilities for students who are parents. In a positive step (due to the efforts of last year's Women's Officer), the ANU has finally established a parenting room on campus.

Equality in education also means ensuring women's safety on campus, if women feel at risk on campus, their access to facilities such as computer labs and libraries is impeded.

Recent cuts to the education system and increases in fees have particularly damaging consequences for women's access to education:

First, the number of part-time, mature age and external students in tertiary education, the vast majority of whom are women, has dropped significantly due to the introduction of fees.

Secondly, education funding is being directed away from the arts and humanities where women predominate. Women are also being discouraged from entering non-traditional fields, such as medicine, science and engineering, by the higher charges for those subjects under the new differential HECS system.

Thirdly, women as a group are financially worse off than their male counter-parts. Women are concentrated in areas which do not lead to highly paid employment, and have longer periods out of the paid workforce. Consequently they are less able to pay up front fees, and are disadvantaged when it comes to paying off debts and loans of HECS. As a result, 1 in 4 women will still be paying off their HECS debt at age 65 as opposed to only 1 in 25 men.

Women must continue to fight to retain their hard-won advances, and to achieve a free, accessible and equitable education.

—SARAH CHIDGEY
REBECCA DEWITT

Sexuality Department

Good times

Congratulations to the organisers of the Jellybabies first barbecue for 1997 at Glebe Park on Sunday, March 23. It was a great opportunity to meet some really nice people and have some fun, particularly for us newbies to Canberra.

The Sexuality Department would like to thank all those who participated in the O-Week Drag Race on February 28. We would like to pay special tribute to SA President, Matt Tinning, for cutting into his busy schedule, throwing on his best frock and taking a stroll around Union Square with a 'gentleman' on his arm, Lara Shevchenko. You were all faaaabulous! Thank you to STA Travel, Civic and The Body Shop for the prizes.

Condom machines are now available to use in the Uni Bar and the ground floor of the Union Building. For ITA students, machines will soon be installed at the School of Music and the Art School. Condoms and lube are still available, free of charge, in the administration office of the Student Association, during office hours. For more discretion, ask one of the Sexuality Officers.

Watch for the next issue of *Quirk*, taking a different view of the 'traditional' family and featuring a special guest model on the cover. *Quirk* is available outside the Student Association offices.

—MARK-LEON THORNE

political
corner

the issue

The Wik Decision

ALL LAND TITLES issued in Australia from 1788 until the handing down of the Wik decision must be validated. Australians took freehold, leasehold and other special titles, and invested in that land. They were told that their titles were legal. Some certainty must be provided for these land holders by allowing agricultural and commercial activity on pastoral leases, and also the renewal of pastoral leases as perpetual leases. The last three years have seen enormous problems for people wanting to do business and invest in this country. As a result all Australians, aboriginal and non-aboriginal, suffer. We should fix this as soon as possible.

The one certainty an owner had with all the titles was that they had exclusive possession of that land. Yet, one majority judgement in the Wik decision seemed to say that pastoral leasehold was only a qualified right to put livestock on the land and take them off. No fences, no dams, no irrigation, no crops, no other parts of everyday property management; because any improvements may be unlawful.

There will be no certainty until each and every claim goes before the courts. It will take decades for this mess to be sorted out. It is more than 4 years since Mabo and more than 238 claims for native title have been made and still not one has been settled. That was when 36% of Australia was claimable; after Wik 78% of Australia may be taken away. Barristers, solicitors, and various consultants will make money and aboriginal claimants are paid for by the various aboriginal organisations, or in effect, our tax. Yet, land holders must defend themselves out of their own pocket. All they want to do is get on with their lives without endless interference and court appearances.

After Mabo it was clear that Aboriginal title had been extinguished on pastoral leases and all other types of leases. That's why the Labor government wrote it into the Native Title Act and set up a billion dollar land fund to support those people who did not have access to land. Everyone, including the aboriginal people, agreed in 1993 that pastoral leases extinguished native title.

But, we get arrogant and out-of-touch armchair do-gooders deciding to invent new law. The onus of reconciliation falls on every Australian, not just the small percentage who hold pastoral leases. The burden must not be left to rural Australians who don't have the same resources to fight legal battles as those in more urban and prosperous areas. The worst aspect of Wik is that it has set the two most needy sections of the Australian community against each other: the Aboriginal community and the rural and regional community.

—TIM DIXON
NATIONAL PARTY

THE GREAT LIE of terra nullius was swept aside with the Mabo decision handed down on 3 June 1992. It was hoped that a new era of reconciliation between indigenous and non-indigenous people was at hand.

Since the victory of Aboriginal people in the recent Wik case, however, there has been a concerted outpouring of lies and mis-information by the National Party and the National Farmers Federation who wish to return to the dark old days of racial tension and division.

The Wik judgement determined that Aboriginals and pastoralists could co-exist on pastoral leases. The judgement indicated that the rights of the pastoralists were paramount, and that Aboriginals could only occupy the land if they did not interfere in any way with the activities of the pastoralists.

The Wik judgement created certainty, it is the National Party and their mates in the NFF who are creating the uncertainty. They want to substantially upgrade the rights of the pastoralists (people like Kerry Packer and Janet Holmes a Court who don't pay a cent for the use of the land anyway) while engaging in a whole new round of stripping

"The Wik judgement created certainty. It is the National Party and their mates in the NFF who are creating the uncertainty"

away the rights of the original owners of the land.

Another fact that the National Party won't admit to is that until the 1970s, Aboriginals operated many of the pastoral leases, earning a living for themselves and their community. They were subsequently forced from the land and were not given any opportunity to earn enough money to live on.

Some responsible pastoralists have allowed Aboriginal people to return to their land over the past eleven years, so the reality is that co-existence can and has worked for many years. It must be remembered that a pastoral lease allows the leaseholder a right to run cattle, not to have exclusive use of the land.

The ALP Students Club believes that Aboriginal land rights are an essential and fundamental component of the reconciliation process. The National Party and the NFF are trying to ride the wave of racist hysteria whipped up by Pauline Hanson and her supporters with a deplorable and misleading advertising campaign.

Don't let their lies interfere with one of the most important issues of our time.

—RICHARD WILLIAMS
ALP STUDENTS CLUB

Students Association

president's
report

matt tinning
sa president



Every interest group in Australia is counting down the days until Tuesday, 13th May — the day the Federal Budget is to be delivered. It was at this time last year — with only a month to go until budget night — that Amanda Vanstone told vice-chancellors at a dinner she was attending that they should prepare themselves for a 12 percent reduction in operating grants over the next triennium, a suggestion which led to unprecedented anger, and a new coalition of the peak bodies representing students, academics and vice-chancellors. Twelve months later that coalition has crumbled, and the intensity of student protest has waned. Many believe that in this environment the government will feel comfortable further decimating our system of public higher education.

I wasn't dissuaded from this view by Jackie Kelly, who represented the government at the National Tertiary Presidents Conference I recently attended. It was a truly amazing performance by Ms Kelly, who claimed that the government's higher education initiatives were in line with their pre-election promises, and that Amanda Vanstone's weight and dress sense prevented her from consulting with students. She also defended her government's decision to quarantine Defence from budget cuts on the basis that "Defence is the only area of government which cannot be privatised". It is becoming increasingly clear that privatisation, outsourcing and deregulation is almost a religious pursuit for this government, and I would be very surprised if universities and their students have experienced the worst of what the government has in store for them. No doubt all will be revealed on 13th May.

In the meantime, universities are dealing with the changes contained in the 1996 budget. Sydney has unveiled plans for undergraduate course fees of up to \$110,000 per degree, at Melbourne university the figure is \$100,000. Jackie Kelly suggested that the innovation of allowing universities to charge up-front fees for undergraduate courses was helping "the Mt Druitt kids" in her electorate, who were disadvantaged by merit based entry requirements. It will be interesting to see how many of these poorer families manage to scrape together \$110,000 per child to take advantage of this new opportunity.

Meanwhile, Amanda Vanstone makes the point that full fee paying places are additional, to HECS places, but at the same time reduces the number of HECS places universities must make available, and creates an environment where Monash University makes plans to intentionally under-enrol so as to create a demand for full fee paying places. This is a momentous year for higher education in Australia. I am sure that in the future people will reflect upon what went wrong and herald 1997 as the beginning of the end.

The most important question is whether students can do anything to minimise the damage. Thanks to everyone who attended the Austudy wedding on 26th March. I believe that such an event, when part of a national day of student protest, has the potential to impact upon the decision-making process. Please also consider making your own individual protests to parliamentarians in the lead up to the budget. I will be following the example of my predecessor and mailing a Coalition election pamphlet, promising not to reduce Austudy, increase HECS, or reduce university operating grants, to every Coalition MP. The Minister's partial back down on the Austudy Actual Means Test shows that it is possible for student anger to reach the ear of the Minister. Tertiary students number over 630,000 — if united, an interest group too large for even this government to ignore.

General secretary's report

Constitutional Review

We are trying to re-draft the Students' Association Constitution. This may sound a very dull task but there are important policy issues which we hope to address. Amongst other things we need to resolve: the powers and size of the SRC and the Executive, the powers of General Meetings, how officers should be elected, how to improve the electoral regulations in order to prevent corruption in SA elections

To make any suggestions about the powers and structure of your Students' Association, or obtain more information and a copy of the present constitution, please email me at h.greenwell@student.anu.edu.au or leave a submission at the SA office. We hope to have a final draft prepared by early May so we need submissions by mid-April.

General Meeting

What do up-front fees, the SA Budget, Wadgate and the Indonesian student movement have in common? They are all subject to debate and discussion at the next SA General Meeting on Tuesday 15th April at 1.00pm. On the agenda are many important matters such as: approval of the 1997 SA Budget (ie how we spend your money), the Returning Officer's report from the 1996 elections, a report from our drag-queen President, Matt Tinning on how the SA has reacted to the many issues facing students, a motion proposing that the SA lend political and financial support to SMID (Students in Solidarity with Democracy in Indonesia), motions supporting the students who occupied the Administration at UTS and calling on the Vice-Chancellor to reject any up-front fees for undergraduate students

We want student comment on these issues so please come along.

—HARRY GREENWELL

reports

Woroni

right of reply

Making your own decision about Scientology

The Church of Scientology responds to the article "Cult of Personality" which appeared in the last edition of *Woroni*

The anonymous author of the article on Scientology in the last *Woroni* of March 20, 1997, at least got a few things right: the description and definition of Scientology, the aims of Scientology, that it is a religion and a Church.

However, journalistic accountability having been thrown to the wind, there followed a mixture of opinion and fiction. Objectivity died with the defamatory title and the front cover.

Scientology is a religion in the most profound sense of the word, as verified by courts around the world, including Australia, and religious scholars world wide. It is concerned with the full rehabilitation of man's spiritual self and his capabilities.

There is nothing mysterious about Scientology. It defines the laws of life through a series of axioms and maxims. From these follow techniques to solve the problems of life. It does not require belief — one applies the techniques and finds out what is true for oneself as a result of successful application. The proof that Scientology works is in the myriad of successes arising daily from its application.

Spiritual and mental betterment, the return of one's full individuality and intelligence and independence, are what Dianetics and Scientology are all about. The author implies that because I am a Scientologist I do not think or judge for myself. When all other arguments fail, it is convenient to suggest that a person is unable to think freely.

My work with the Citizens' Commission on Human Rights, which is sponsored by the Church of

Scientology, has brought me in contact with people who have experienced the mind-numbing misery and helplessness of psychiatric involuntary commitment, complete with being pumped full of dangerous drugs against their expressed will. Once the psychiatrist concludes that someone is mentally ill, it does not matter what that person says or how intelligently they argue or how salient their points. Their opinions are nullified, and everything they say and do is twisted to fit the picture of their so-called mental illness. That is brainwashing and that is slavery.

The psychiatric profession, working hand-in-hand with massive drug companies, does not take kindly to anything which threatens their multi-billion dollar industry, or which exposes their litany of crimes against humanity done in the name of 'mental healing'.

The true story of Scientology is that what we do flies in the teeth of vested interest: we have one of the most successful drug detoxification and rehabilitation programs in the world; a criminal rehabilitation program without equal; a track record of exposing human rights abuses of the worst kind; a history of restoring and safeguarding basic freedoms.

Scientologists judge people by their ethics, not the colour of their skin or their religion or their preferences as to aspects of their life. To say that a non-believer is designated a suppressive person is simply ignorant. A suppressive person is someone who does his utmost to keep people in his environment down and who rails at anything which would improve the lives of

others or lift a society to higher levels. The author's description of the Purification Rundown was way off target. This rundown is just one of the many services delivered at a Church of Scientology. Its sole purpose is to rid the body of toxins lodged in the fatty tissues. Even years after taking drugs, a person can experience flashbacks when minute quantities of these drugs are released into the bloodstream, severely clouding someone's thinking and blocking spiritual and mental achievement.

The rundown consists of a regimen of sauna, light exercise — 15 to 25 minutes jogging to get the metabolism going — and vitamins to replace what is sweated out in the sauna. Every person, before starting, goes for a thorough medical check-up by any competent medical practitioner, and whilst on the rundown, is encouraged to eat a balanced diet composed of all food groups. The rundown can take as little as 20 days or a few weeks, depending on factors such as age, fitness and extent of drug use. Except for the hours spent on the rundown, most people continue their usual daily occupations.

Ideally, the benefits of Scientology would be available free to anyone and all Scientologists wish they were. The financial support for the Church, its free community programs and social betterment activities, are funded by the donations Scientologists are asked to give for the services they wish to receive. Scientologists do not tithe and no donations are required for traditional church services such as weddings, funerals, baptisms.

In any Church of Scientology

anywhere in the world the same services are delivered exactly the same. Scientology is tried and tested and works when applied exactly. This is why the Church endeavours to keep the technology of L. Ron Hubbard pure and to protect the trademarks and copyrights so that the work is used correctly. When the intellectual copyrights of an author are not protected, they can be changed and they lose their value and workability.

The Church withstood the handful of vehement critics on the Internet for some time, taking no action. Only when the laws of the land were being violated and the Church writings were being abused, copied, changed and ridiculed on the Net was legal action taken, but only after communication was attempted in order to get the infringers to cease their illegal actions. The actions taken by the Church of Scientology to protect intellectual copyrights have been applauded broadly by many who have fallen victim to unscrupulous cyberspace criminals.

One thing is certain: there are people who act destructively and others who do a lot of good. We don't have time to stand around and moan about how wrong it all is — we need to get busy doing something effective to fix up what is wrong with this planet of ours.

For those wishing factual information on Scientology, I recommend they not bother to listen to other people's opinions or criticisms, but find out for themselves and make their own decisions.

— LARA MENY
CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY, ACT

Second Hand Book Shop

The Australian National University's second hand book shop is located in the Students' Association (above the uni bar).

Come and check out the great selection of second hand text books, or sell some of your own unwanted books.

The Second Hand Bookshop is open Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 10-12am.

Meditation with the Sri Chinmoy Centre

Meditation is a means of achieving inner peace, calmness, mental clarity... and much more. In fact, it can launch you on a journey of true self-discovery.

By popular request, the Sri Chinmoy Centre will hold another 4-week series of meditation workshops at the ANU Counselling Centre (near the Sports Union), 1 p.m. Mondays from May 12 to June 2. Bookings are not necessary, but phone 248 0232 for further details.



soldier of misfortune

*Arse-hole, arse hole
A soldier I will be
Fuck you, fuck you
For curiosity
To piss, to piss
Two pistols on my knee
To fight for the old cunt
Fight for the old country. Oy!*

Thus goes the unofficial anthem of the now defunct Ready Reserve Scheme. This recruiting package was put forth by the Army and was primarily aimed at University students. ANU student **PATRICK TAYLOR** gives a personal account of his experience as a Ready Reserve recruit.

B

ING ONE OF the many members of Generation HECS who was less than satisfied with their first year of university, I was quite easily seduced by the glossy advertising that challenged me 'To Bring Out My Best'.

With thoughts of riding in tanks, rappelling from helicopters and — no less significantly — collecting large sums of money, I made an inspired journey to the nearest Army recruiting office, where Honest John the PR officer revealed the veritable vista of career options available to me.

The psychological test was the first challenge offered by the Army. This sharp and penetrating tool consisted, in total, of one full A4 page of multiple choice, or really dual-choice (yes or no) questions. I had to thank my lucky stars that it was only a choice of two, as I have to confess that I was almost not up to the task. I was very close to becoming unravelled by two particularly piercing enquiries. The first was the question of whether I heard voices in my head. Technically, I couldn't hear any voices, at least not with the constant

howling of the Shadow-Dogs (it's time to kill again...), but as there was no room for sentence answers I decided to tick 'no' just to be accurate.

No sooner had I completed this bewildering ordeal than I was confronted by the next question, and this one really confused me — it asked me whether I thought other people could read my mind. I couldn't understand why they were asking this on paper — surely they already knew that from the initial mind-reading. At this point the instructor sat back looking smug and knowing. I realised that it had to be a trick question and answered a decisive 'no'.

After the challenge of aptitude testing I was ready for the excitement of the full medical exam — for those of you lucky enough to have experienced this violation, you

already know the bounty of pleasures it entails. My special favourites were 'Take of all your clothes and lie there while I do this' and 'Turn your head and cough while I fondle these' and last but certainly not least

'Bend over and spread

those while I look up that'. With the test finally over, I left with an opened mind and a spring in my step.

The final segment of this process — the interview — was somewhat of an anti-climax considering the otherwise exciting events so far. The smilingly stern officer engaged me in casual chit-chat and not so subtle questions about my girlfriend and

sexual preferences before slapping me on the back and heartily relating to me his most bigoted homophobic joke — to which (under his scrutinising gaze), I laughed suitably heartily.

Your first three months of Army training in Kapooka begin with the loss of three things: your Christian name; your hair, and your libido. In respect to the first, all the newly appointed recruits are placed in complete power of their respective platoon staff, who thought it would be better for me to be addressed as Recruit Taylor. More commonly I was called any, and, on special occasions, even mixtures and combinations, of the following: 'Poof', 'Fag-got', 'Wimp', 'Pussy', 'Fuckhead', 'Smart-fuck', 'Cunt' or 'Jack-Cunt'.

The loss of hair is the most well known and is already

undoubtedly known to everyone as the crew cut, which is administered to everyone, even those smart-arses who already had it done to them before entry to Kapooka (classic identity segregation for those

eager anthropologists). Not so well known is the fact that it is a haircut you really want. When you are in the most xenophobic environment you can imagine, any difference (ie. hair) can attract attention. You quickly learn that any attention is bad attention.

Last (and seemingly least) there was the matter of 'recruit-droop'. For the first time since the first potent push of puberty thrust me toward all the glory of the morning, there was nothing — not even a nudge. No wind in the Sails. No lead in the pencil. Could it have been that we were having the sedative Bromide shovelled into us via the cloudy white drinking water we were being forced to drink a litre at a time? Flaccid, placid and easy to mould.

The rest of the days are a blurred mosaic of memories of weapon drills, push ups and long runs — made interesting by watching your lunch bounce off a tree — and satisfying by hearing the chain reaction of sympathy vomiting forming a symphony of retching behind you.

Some other particularly fond memories surge back into my mind as I remember coming back after 'being out bush' (like camping — only really shit). Such recollections like not being able to enjoy your first fresh meal in four days as you know you have about 10 seconds to get to a toilet after the ration-pack constipating agents give way. Or having your stomach churn at the unexpected stench of your own body, and being forced to use the amazingly strong ammonia smell of your socks to bring you back from the brink of unconsciousness. Not to forget the beautiful male bonding that went on as you all sat around the tube of disinfectant, merrily swabbing your septic blisters.

These were all precious moments, but I think the fondest memory I bring back from Kapooka was when I had the misadventure of getting salmonella poisoning. I lost roughly 10 kgs in 5 days. My advice to all those people dieting and exercising with few results is to simply get hold of some dubious chicken and chow down. After you leave hospital a week later, you can look at your emaciated body and say, "I did it the salmonella way!" You too can experience the unique feeling of indecision as your body decides whether to shit or vomit your stomach lining.

With all these fun happenings, you can just imagine that time is quickly flying by and soon enough my time at Kapooka came to an end with the completion of a pinnacle event: the Passing Out Parade. It is here that you get to march around with all those bright objects that make Army personnel so happy — especially the aforementioned shiny brass and polished boots. It is here also that parents have the opportunity to come along to be both confused by, and proud of, their brainwashed children. This poignant moment is followed by the equally beautiful and sombre last chance to paint the walls of the Victoria Hotel an evocative shade of mess hall green and carrot fleck before passing out. The last pleasant surprise was having to be up at 4:30 the next morning, everyone nursing a healthy 9 pound hangover, to leave Wagga and Kapooka.

Just as with everything else told to me by Honest John the PR officer at my local recruiting centre, the choice of career training was just as he had promised, and I was

"Your first three months of Army training begin with the loss of three things: your Christian name, your hair and your libido."



faced with the problem of sorting through the astounding array of choices lain before me: Infantry or... Infantry. These were heady days and it was only after a struggled procrastination that I decided to go with Infantry.

We travelled to the beautiful city of Brisbane, and unfortunately then to the not so beautiful area of Greenbank. It is still hard to try to make a joke about Greenbank, it wasn't funny then and isn't funny now. Just passing through the gates of that place brought a chill that skated down your spine and rested in your stomach as a feeling of nausea and impending doom.

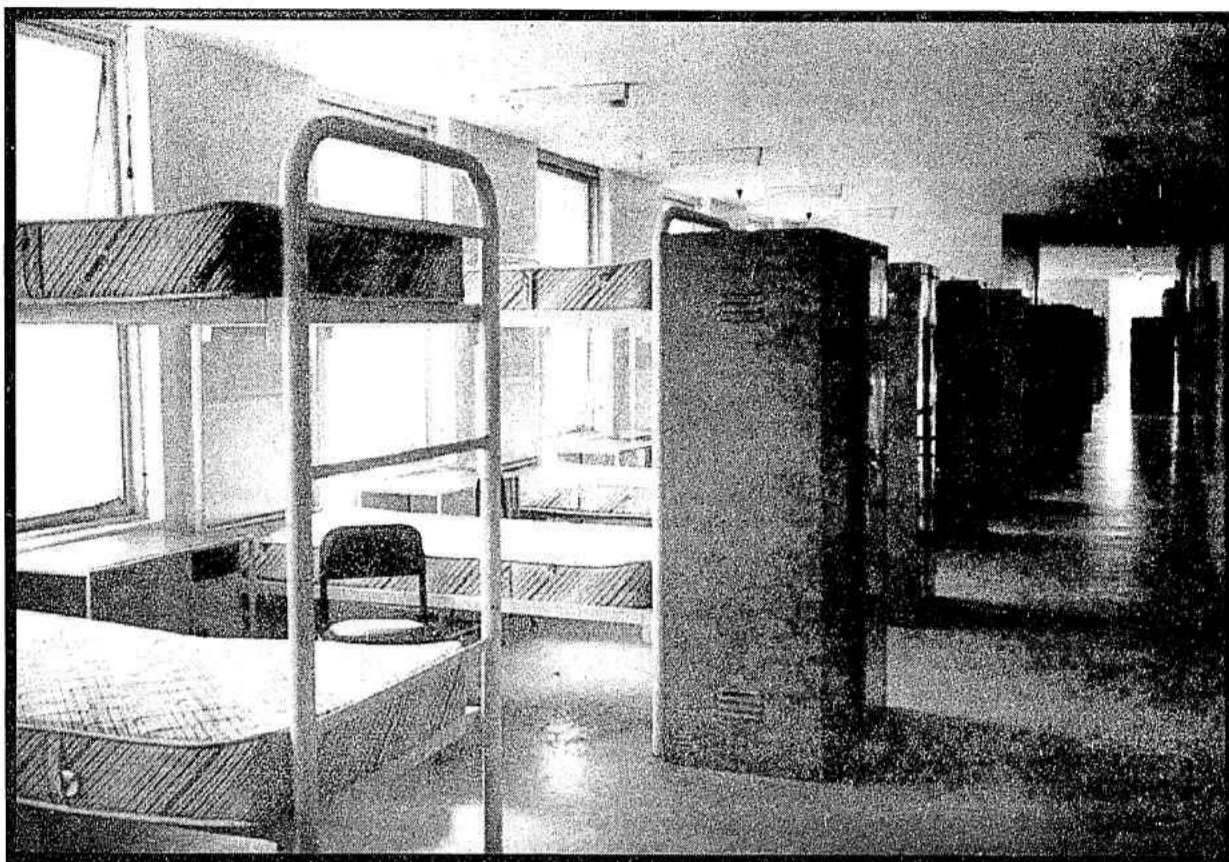
There were good aspects though — such as the communal toilets; after eating the camp food, with its own special type of freshness, you really did need the encouragement of your friends as you tried to wrest control of your rebellious bowels; there was the refreshing and invigorating bonus of having cold showers in sub-zero temperatures; and most importantly there was the absolute cheeriness of living in a tent for three months. "Home Sweet Hovel..."

At various stages of training in Greenbank I had three friends hospitalised due to suicide attempts. This started me thinking that maybe, just maybe, there might have been one or two questions lacking on the psychological test in recruiting. The question I would have liked to have seen on that A4 page would have been this;

When placed under the control of sadists in dismal environs for extended periods of time, would you —

- a) Go along with gentle good humour,
- b) Repress your feelings and emotions to the extent that you lapse into a zombie-like state of mindless obedience.
- c) Take to conversing only with your collection of dead cockroaches, intermittently attempting to gnaw open your wrists while muttering softly about how you and the Skipper only went out for a 3 hour tour.

It was soon clearly evident how badly we all handle stress. My room-mate from Kapooka took to locking himself in his darkened room and constantly watching horror films. This is not as innocent as it first sounds — this young man also happened to be a pathological liar with



(above) Bunk beds don't seem quite as fun in the Ready Reserve dorm rooms

a problem with authority. The stable young fellow was also one of the most accurate shooters to ever go through Kapooka.

My room mate in Brisbane also turned out to be an interesting character. Somewhat refreshingly, he was far removed from sharing any of the largely psychotic tendencies of the last — being more of a depraved sexual deviant. Adhering to his motto of "anything with a hole and a heartbeat", he had a library of exotic tales to both horrify and amaze. He did lose some credibility by purchasing Miss Mermaid — an artificial vagina that was powered by batteries — as it only satisfied one of his two requirements.

You may be wondering how I, sitting back with my holier than thou attitude, handled things. Not really all that well. I began first with a thorough exploration of emotive release via alcoholism and mindless violence. After an exhaustive effort and no satisfying results, my situation grew worse and I am sorry to say that I was soon in the downward spiral of incense, Neil Diamond and Oscar Wilde's poetry.

For those who did not join me in the limbo-like state of an injured soldier, time went well and fairly easily. Many of my friends enjoyed their time in 6 RAR (anachronism for Royal Australian Regiment) and some have even joined the Army full time and have become career soldiers. Others were not so happy and were galled every time a Defence Force advertisement came on showing smiling models abseiling from helicopters or driving tanks — in fact these ads were the closest many of them came to either helicopter or tank.

Personally I repress most of my memories into a tight ball of angst, waiting for the fateful day when I can lift them out of the cellar to find them matured into a nice shade of rose-colour, open them up and marvel at the fine vintage of that year and actually remember the Army with fondness. As biased as I am, I have to admit that nothing is all bad, and that there is always some good that can be rescued from the flaming wreckage. For one, I have been inspired by the hard truth that there are much worse things to be doing than playing pool, drinking beer and pretending to be doing a degree at University. Overall I am glad that I had my year in the Army — but I would definitely not do it again. It was with no small measure of delight that I watched the Ready Reserve Scheme die the horrible death that it deserved **W**

A fantastic deal

Not everyone has a bad experience in the Army. ANU student MATTHEW SEATON, writes that his time as an Army reserve member has been both enjoyable and fulfilling.

The night of the bar slug in O-week '96 found me at an Army Reserve information night. I'd wanted to join for some time, and here was my chance. By May I was enlisted in the general reserve and given a place on the July recruit course.

Recruit course is where everyone is taught the basics of how to be a soldier. It is a very intense time. For two to three weeks you learn about navigation, self health, first aid and survival in the bush. These are skills that build better citizens, as well as soldiers. Military training teaches of the proud history of the Australian army, how to operate as a member of a section and within the larger platoon. In addition comes the training in drill and the safe and effective use of radios and infantry weapons (the rifle, machine gun, grenades and grenade launchers). All this makes for a hectic few weeks. Early mornings and long nights mean that you can live a long time, in just 23 days.

Due to the fact you are with the same people for duration of the course, it becomes very easy to strike up friendships. Shared experiences means that everyone always has common things to talk about. Laughing or bitching together we forged mateships which we'll keep for the rest of our army careers.

All this took place in the inter-semester break of 1996. On coming back, the difference in lifestyles between uni & the army left me feeling like I was returning from long holiday, where I'd earned money rather than spent it.

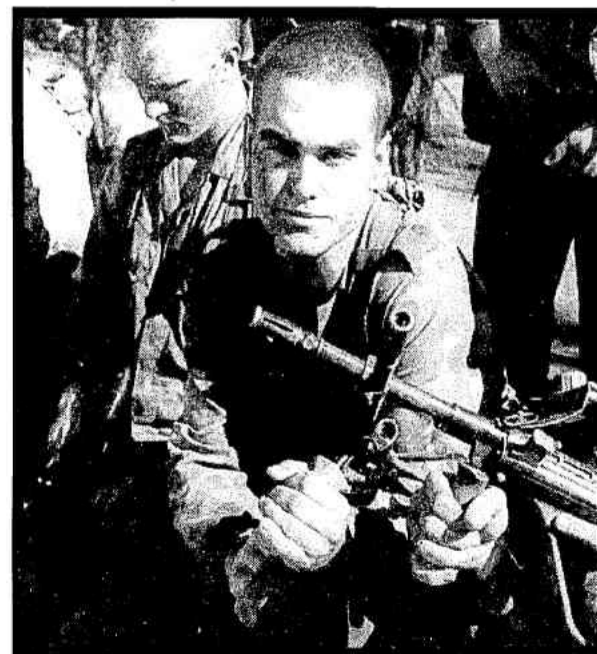
Since then I've been on range shooting training weekends, monthly parade nights, regimental and company balls (piss-ups that you get paid to attend) and become involved in army sporting activities.

In January, I went on my 2 week annual camp. This is the compulsory element of annual training, nearly everything else is voluntary. The camp is to brush up basic skills and teach more about our own specific roles in the army. In my case, the job of being a rifleman. More than anything the camp is a great excuse to run around in the bush, get dirty and have a good time. All the while learning skills we hope we'll never have to use.

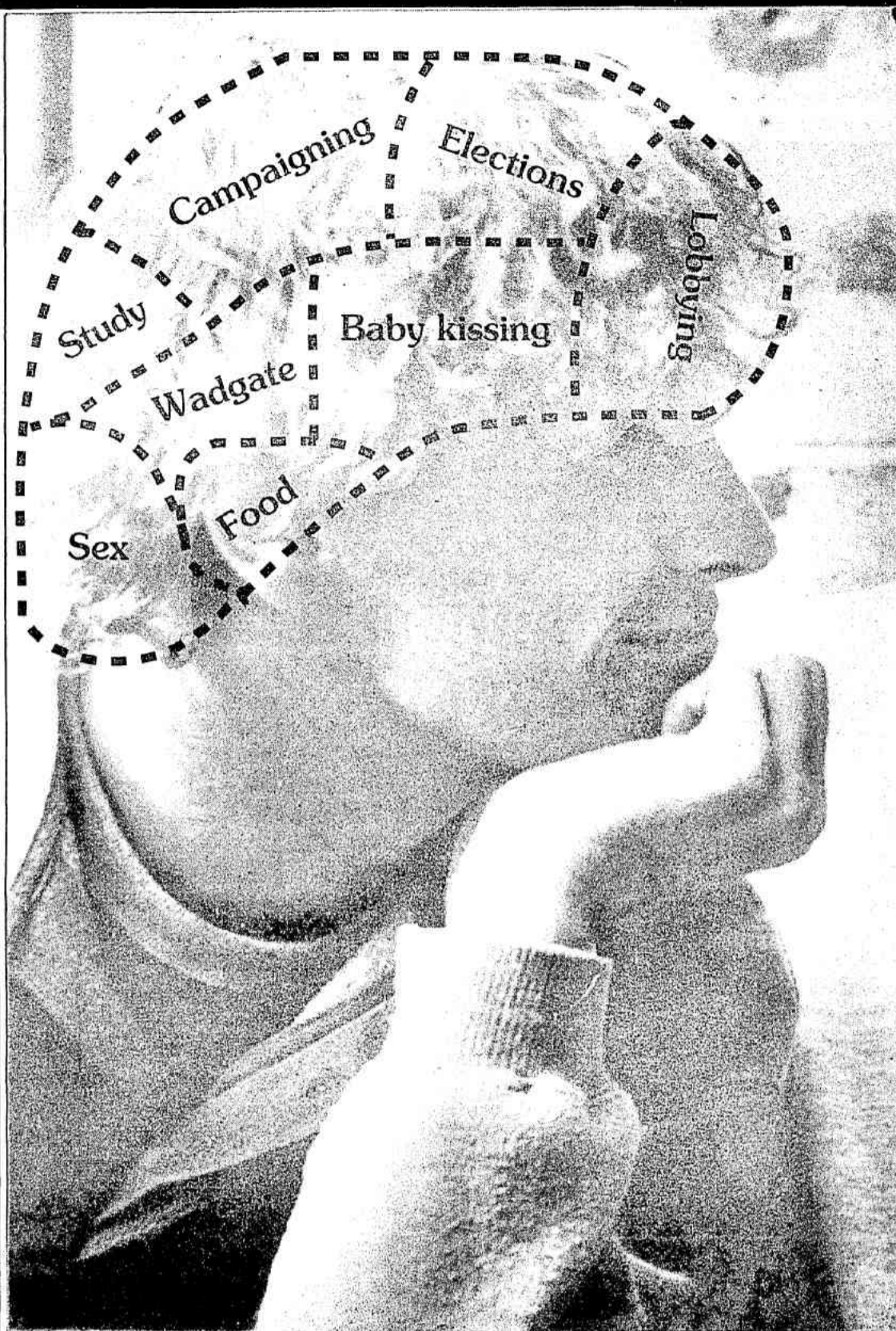
As a private in a university regiment I've had the opportunity to work with ADFA and Duntroon on 'enemy parties'. What this means is that when the Academy or Duntroon have 'war-game' exercises, we're often invited to tag along and play the bad guys. This is lots of fun. I've been to Wagga, Puckapunyal in Victoria and even Mildura right here in Canberra. Making life miserable for the army's future officers, while they're still in training.

The army reserve is a fantastic deal. It's a fun hobby where you get paid tax free for the number of days that you put into it. It's a part time job where your workmates are your friends. Lastly, it's a second career that can take you as far as you want it to.

—MATTHEW SEATON



(above) Patrick, looking a little thinner after the salmonella incident



(above) Students' Association President Matt Tinning displays the thoughts of the average student politician

Anatomy of the student politician

Surely the most scorned and disparaged sub-group on the entire university campus is that of the student politician. They stand in Union Court for hours, battling the apathy of the general student body. And yet it seems some of them are willing to risk rigging elections to get the chance to do it. The question is: What motivates them?

NELL SKINNER and MELISSA KENT take a look at the human beings behind the election pamphlets.

WE SPEND MUCH of our time at uni being harassed by the student equivalents of Demtel man, Tim Shaw. Just when you think the political bullshit is finally over, there's more. The leaflets flow again, decorating the refectory, walls, college floors, and lecture theatres (often in paper aeroplane format). Student politicians are praying to the founding fathers of democracy that one day soon the student body en masse will be roused into action.

For Christ's sake, this is Generation X that they are dealing with. We live, breathe and smoke apathy. It is *they* who are odd. From where in our society do this extraordinary breed of people hail? What have we done to deserve them?

Many questions were asked, but none of the dedicated student politicians said anything of the inevitable training that goes into their dogmatic approach to student harassment. How do they do it? They stand in Union court for hours, day after day, only to be observed by others with fear and derision. They are comfortable being ignored when everyone else desperately seeks attention. They have impenetrable skins. They cannot be rattled. Surely they see the reality:

"Rally in union court on Wednesday...."

The student avoids eye contact. They cannot escape, they try the quick grab and run, the "thanks, I've already got one", the "no thanks, but the person behind me is *really* interested", the "fuck off", or maybe the grin that displays sheer joy at finding it's a harmless lefty, rather than the man with the smile stickers who gives you something, and then makes a sly snatch for your wallet.

We try and avoid the student politicians; we tend to think of them as a different breed. I couldn't be one myself — I lack the moral fibre. Admittedly, I have tried. I spent three weeks in an intense education process, trying to figure out what the Students' Association was ('the SA' in student politician lingo) before

running for a position as a General Rep. Sadly, I learnt more than I have in three and a bit years of uni, and still have no idea what my role would have been.

After talking to the student politicians who have met with electoral success, I've gathered the shreds of my ego left after the SA elections '95 and have put them up for psychological analysis. I'm not a good political sort. I get stuck in a Macca's drive-thru, pondering which McValue meal to indulge in, and at the crucial point I can't make up my mind. The active young politician does not experience doubt or indecision. If nothing else can be said for the ANU political personalities, they definitely share an absolute conviction in their beliefs.

Andrew Beaumont, founder of the campus' new 'Gough Whitlam Society' suggests that to have any doubt would be to the detriment of one's political career. You can't get up in the morning, dressed to change the world, only to think "what if I am wrong?" After a week of interviews, I have no hesitation in recommending nine people who would be good in a video store. Even if they had taste up their arse, at least you'd be back outside and into the Maltesers within two minutes. These nine people, with a diverse understanding of social and economic order, are all unquestionably, boldly, devastatingly *right* all of the time.

Scandal

Before we launch into the content of the interviews, there needs to be some background info. To be in the cool club of the student politicians, you have to be familiar with the experience of 'Wadgate'. In the SA elections of '96, 146 ballot papers were found bunched together. It has been alleged that all were written in distinctive and similar handwriting. The SA is currently being threatened with defamation proceedings as the result of a report on the affair, written by William Mackerras, and endorsed by Matt Tinning, (President of the SA). The most amazing aspect of 'Wadgate' is that somebody wanted to be a stu-

dent politician so much that they were willing to cheat to achieve it.

Everyone has a different reaction to the manner in which the deceitful little prank has been handled. Aside from the current investigation into the report by bored Canberra lawyers, the Labor Club on campus has split into two right wing factions.

It's fascinating. The politicians care, and the college kids continue to eat at 5:30 every night. No matter who these politicians are, what they do, or what shit they get themselves into and out of, will more than 17.5% of the student population vote in the next SA election at the end of the year? And will more than 80 (a generous estimate!) tired, placid, worn out students attend next year's National Day of Action (March 26) — quite unlike this year, where they lost the mission somewhere between the Austudy wedding and the Chancellor and were politely introduced to 12 baton toting police.

Those who have succeeded... where lesser mortals have failed

Matt Tinning's little black book led us to representatives of the prominent political groups on campus. Matt appears to be a student politician of a type never before experienced. He's a conciliator, a pacifier, a listener and a hard worker. The type of man whom every party claims as its own, the Liberal, the Unionist, the Socialist, the Communist and the Democrat — Matt answers to any call from the wild.

William Mackerras, ex-president of the Students Association, is possibly the most infamous of the student politicians. The man whose name spent 1996 decorating the pages of *Woroni*, *The ANU Reporter*, and even *The Pulse* after his failed attempt at the Sports Union Treasurership. William has experienced a long process of evolution. It appears that after three years of ranting and raving, William is on the road to becoming a normal student. Now that he has stopped representing the student body he has finally learnt to speak in the student voice. He has been heard to utter "politics is boring" and "student politicians are a bit pathetic". William has always admitted that he has done some things badly and has usually been able to laugh at himself, but how could it take one clever, articulate young man so long to realise something the

We try and avoid the student politicians; we tend to think of them as a different breed.

majority of the student population have never questioned? It is not that student politicians suck. In fact, William probably summed it up when he admitted that nobody pays any attention, and he just didn't realise. I started to feel sorry for the new William. He's losing his spark.

What prompts all the passion contained within a student politician? We simply had to ask our interviewees what their political background is, and discovered that often their parents are to blame. The outspoken lefties have emerged from generations of Labor voting, underpaid government workers — parents being teachers or public servants. Hamish McPherson (Socialist Workers Student Club) proudly remembers the day in 1988 when he battled Sydney transport with his mother to participate in the anti-Metherill teachers strike. Daddy Mackerras (Malcolm) is the only parent with a name associated with politics, and he used to be a Lib. William Mackerras explains his Labor party tendencies as springing from the social conscience of his mother. Nick Tolley (1996 Liberal Club President) and Heidi Zwar (Nick's successor) have conservative parents and a fairly strong religious background. Nick Tolley vehemently denied the insinuation that young Liberals were brainless and followed blindly in the path of their wealthy capitalist parents. James Connor (Democrats club in the making) has Liberal voting parents, and it took him a year of uni to veer left. It became apparent the socialisation process of one's youth influences later political ideals.

Why do they do it?

Genetics only excuses so much. Where is their normality? Their acceptance that the grotesque monster of apathy will crawl into their subconscious and leave them nursing a hangover and thinking about sex like it does to the rest of us? These people are seriously motivated. Matt Tinning, prior to taking office, was simply confident he would do a better job than any other presidential candidate. Talking with the Socialists nearly tempted us to begin a rousing rendition of 'Rainbow Connection'. Amrita Malhi said that she has been ap-



PHOTO BY TOBY GIDDINGS



(top) James Connor, Australian Democrat Student Club and
(above) Heidi Zwar, ANU Liberal Club



PHOTO BY JAMES PAINTER



(top) Martin Iltis, Resistance and
(above) ex-Students' Association
President William Mackerras

plauded and cheered in lectures after informing students of imminent days of action. Obviously, she does not study economics.

Amrita and Hamish are both personally involved because they believe the present capitalist system needs to be changed to meet the needs of ordinary people — an aim met through unity and action. Apathy serves no purpose in furthering their cause. They care enough to take time out from the uni bar and fight to inspire students to rally alongside them. There is nobility in it somewhere. Strangely, they believe student politics is important. All the polities perceive their role is to inform students of a better way of doing things. For example, Martin Iltis (Resistance) believed his contributions were helping to create a better society through the education of the student population. There is a whole world out there that needs their help, and they are happy to put their good names on the line to advocate what they believe in (it seems there is a bit of John Proctor in us all).

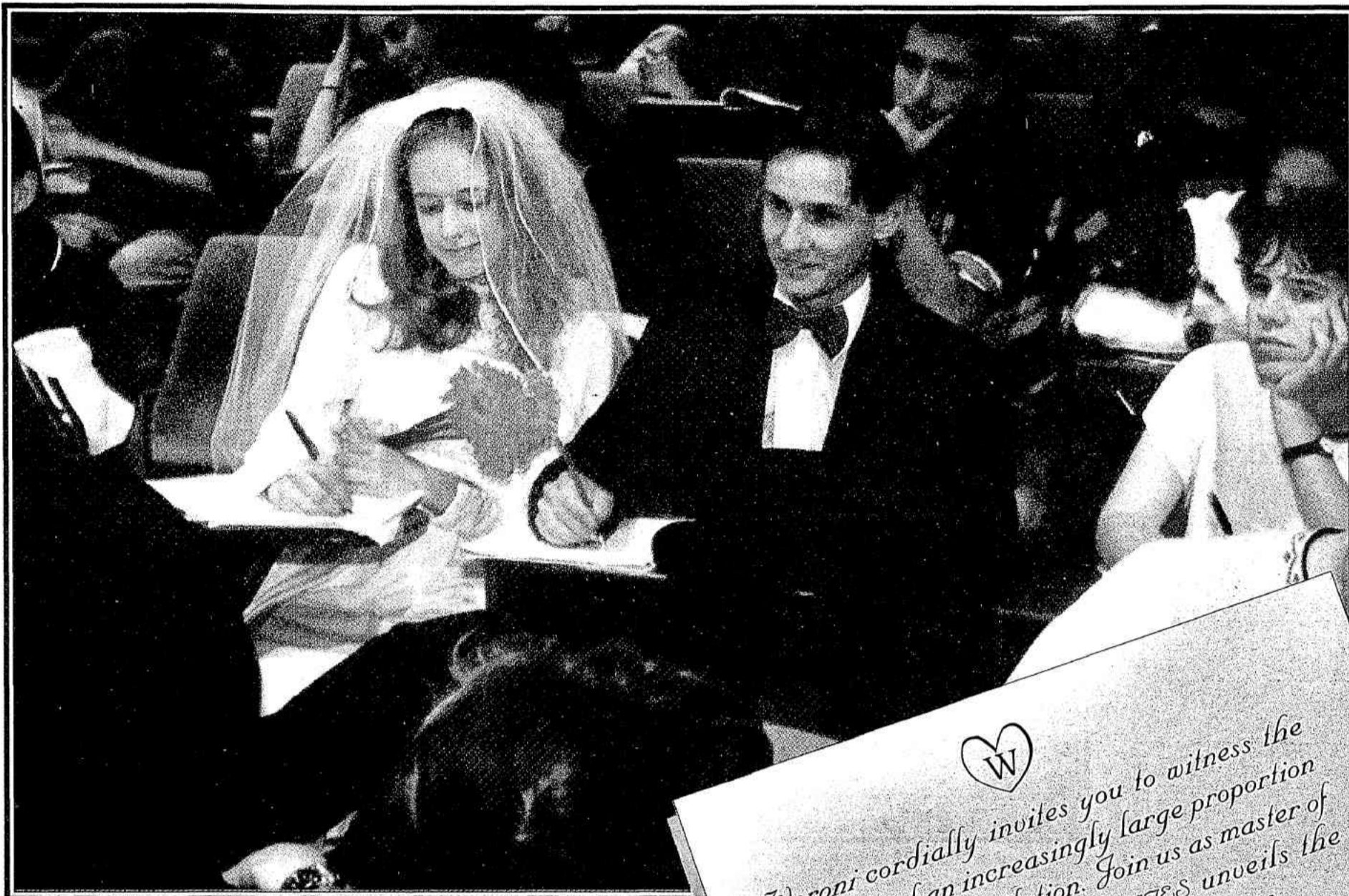
Nearly all of the student politicians we interviewed declared that they were not in student politics simply as a stepping stone to greater things. So why the hell do they do it? James Connor (Democrats) and William Mackerras (Labor Students Club) could not understand why some student politicians got involved unless there was an underlying ambition, though William said that he personally didn't get much out of his political stint. The formation of the Democrats club is providing James with the opportunity to jumpstart his political destiny — he wants a job with the national Democrats. Nick Tolley joked that attention deficiency could have motivated him into participation, but stated that he is proud to be a spokesperson for his Liberal ideals. Heidi Zwar (Libs) has grown out of her high school ambition to be PM, with ANU politics quashing some of her drive. She now wants to work in Parliament House, not run it, and knows of previous ANU Liberal Club members who are lending a helping hand to Howard.

No matter who these politicians are, what they do, or what shit they get themselves into and out of, will more than 17.5% of the student population vote in the next SA election at the end of the year?


The student politicians drink too much like the rest of us, (well, most of them do) — they just care a bit more. They suffer the same cruel obstacles in the course of their degrees. All were pissed off with the swap of the library doors, suspecting perhaps that the administration is alienating later year students to distract us from higher fees, larger classes, and our HECS and GSF paying for useful renovations. They get involved because they can be bothered. Students are supposed to be shit stirrers. We're the voice of dissent, and we are letting other people do it for us. The self appointed student politicians are our representatives on campus. They try their hardest to ensure that students don't get walked over by ANU cost cutting measures. They save us from having to think for ourselves. If only they would start summarising our lectures for us, preparing our lab reports, and getting our names marked off the tute lists each week. Bastards, they don't work hard enough.

Talking to the political participators was inspirational. At least if they miss their lectures they're not sitting around watching *Ricki Lake*. They have to get us off our lazy arses and ease us into politics slowly. We can't go from severe apathy to full involvement overnight.

Yet the poor old student polities do take themselves a little too seriously, and need to spend some quality time with the reformed William 'Man about town' Mackerras. The moment has come when they are forced to realise that other students (us) simply don't give a shit. Perhaps we should. The administration of the ANU is worth thinking about. Contemplate voting in the next campus election. The politicians are working for you. But keep in mind for fuck's sake — it is just student politics ☹



Photos by James Painter. The models in these photos are professionals in no way connected to the story.



Woroni cordially invites you to witness the marriage of an increasingly large proportion of the student population. Join us as master of ceremonies JESSICA COATES unveils the highs and lows of the student marriage.

I do, I do, I do

LAST YEAR YOU were a bridesmaid for a high school buddy. You can count six marriages, three babies and a divorce from your Year Ten class. And the girl with the hair in your Pol Sci tute has a suspicious looking ring.

Welcome to adulthood. That's right, each of these elements, if seen individually, may not seem like much, but together they provide irrefutable evidence. Students get married too. And we're not talking mature aged students who have already clocked up years of experience juggling a spouse before they even consider studying. We're talking about the sheltered straight-from-high-school-looking-for-a-good-time type. It could happen to your best friend. It could happen to you.

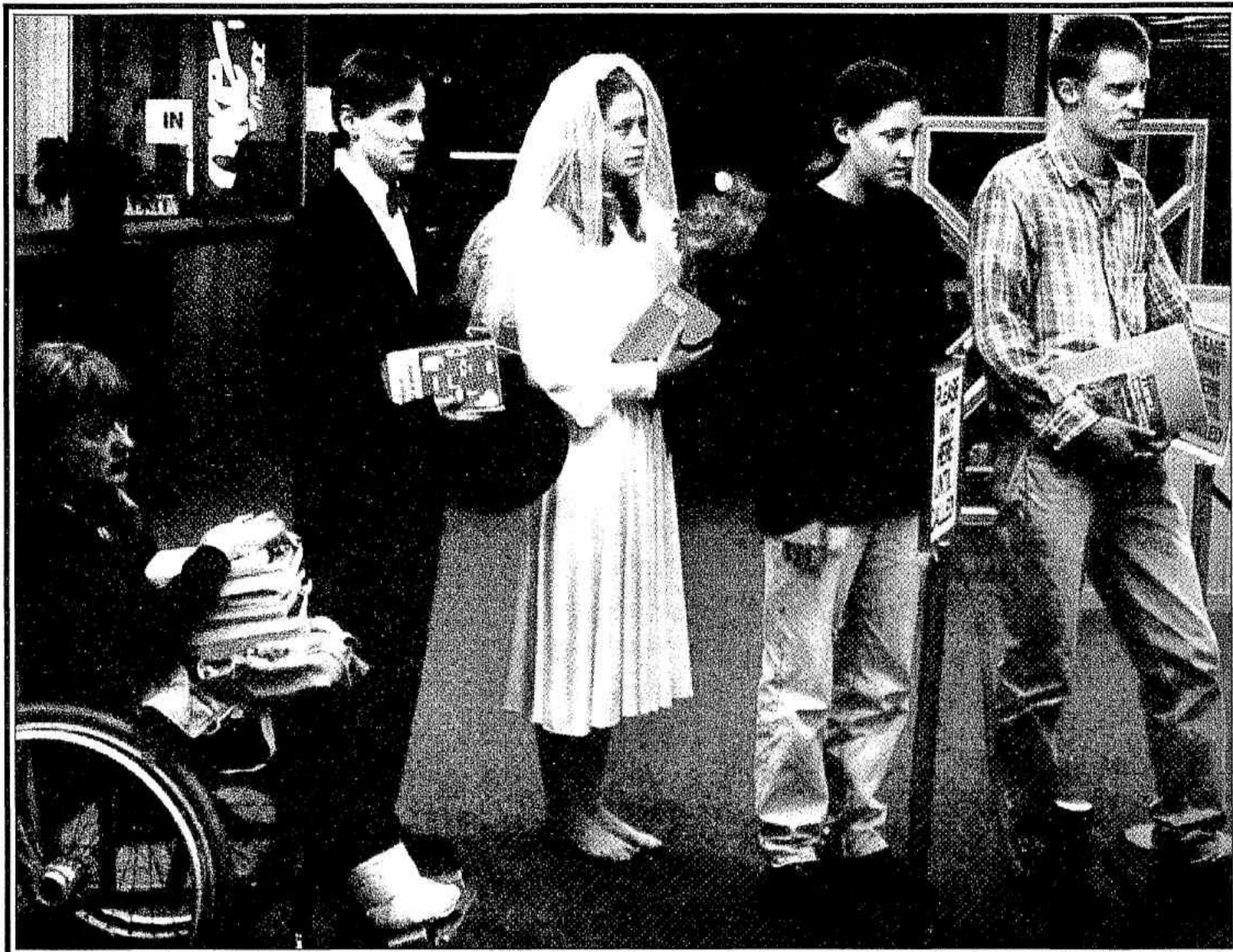
But why? Why would anyone in their right minds decide to make the ultimate commitment when they have difficulty enough getting essays in on time, not to mention scraping together the money for a pizza and video on Saturday night. After all, isn't marriage nothing more than an outdated, and anachronistic institution designed to perpetuate the patriarchal classes and up held only by the same conservative majority who'd elect a Liberal government?

Once upon a time there was a reason to marry, if only to

avoid being burnt at the stake a la *Jude the Obscure*. Putting aside the moral and social advantages, your tax life was made much simpler if you could slot neatly into one of the two boxes on your form, back in the days when there was no 'other'. But in the enlightened nineties, with long term but free thinking relationships the flavour of the month and a social and legal system which is increasingly (if not yet entirely) supportive of 'de-facto' relationships, what is the point? After all, live together for a year and you essentially get all the rights of a spouse, without having to remember yet another date. Valentine's Day is hard enough — who needs an anniversary too?

Yet despite all this, people are still getting married. More surprisingly, students are still getting married. University is somehow failing in its duty as the last bastion against mechanisms of the church and state. So, to return to the original question, why? It seems the answer is as old, and as obvious, as the hills. Love. L'amour. Be it stardust in your eyes or cupid on your shoulder, despite the cynicism which supposedly pervades today's society, love is still in style.

Take Sean, a 23 year-old Philosophy student who became engaged and married to a 22 year old in her honours year. They had been together for four years, and lived together (in a



“Marriage often becomes just another category people force on you. It doesn’t have to.”

group house) for a significant portion of that time. They were happy, committed and convinced they would be together for the rest of their lives, so why rock the boat? “When people find out you’re married, you tend to see surprise and shock in their voices and faces. But this is something between two people. I can see why people don’t understand it. It’s different for everyone... It was something we wanted to do. It was the right time”.

This seems to sum up the attitudes of married and engaged students across the board. In fact, when asking around, the reasons for marriage were almost eerily similar. Rebecca, a first year student studying Communications at the University of Canberra, became engaged earlier this year and plans to marry in September. And why? “Obviously because we’re in love. We decided we’d get married sooner or later, so we chose sooner rather than later... We had purely romantic reasons. We really wanted to make the commitment. It felt right”. Kate, a continuing CIT student who lived with her husband for a year before marriage, cites pretty much the same motivations:

“We wanted to. We knew we’d be together, so we decided to make it official.”

A 1958 survey of married students performed at the University of Arizona found that one of the main advantages of marriage is its stabilising effect upon the otherwise volatile student lifestyle. Could this be the motivation behind such unwarranted romantics? As Sean says “It depends what you mean by stability. If it [the marriage] is based entirely on a need for stability, it’s not worth it, especially if stability has static connotations. It has a lot to do with environment. Any habitual environment becomes inevitably stable. It depends if you want to live this way or another.”

In fact, if any motivation exists beyond the purely romantic, it seems to arise almost entirely out of the student instinct to

rage. As Lachlan, Rebecca’s fiance, says: “Marriage is a great excuse for a party.” Sean, too, feels there are advantages to the actual wedding — “When you know you’ll be with someone for the rest of your life you can decide to stay together and not get married or you can have a fun wedding. It’s a celebration”. If nothing else, it provides a novel way of spending the weekend. And a great excuse for a honeymoon.

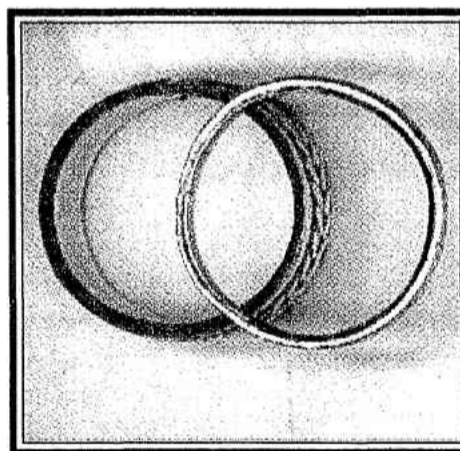
In all, stake-burning conservatism seems to have little influence upon the student’s decision to marry. In fact, not one of

the students interviewed rated social pressure as relevant to their decision at all. Take Rebecca’s example: “My family was surprised if anything. Both my and Lachlan’s parents got married young and are still together and madly in love. They inspired us. But there was no pressure.” Kate is an active participant in her church, but even she felt little pressure to marry rather than live together. “There may have been some background noise at church, but not enough to make a difference.”

In fact, if social pressure was felt at any point in the decision, it was in relation to life after the honeymoon. Just because stu-

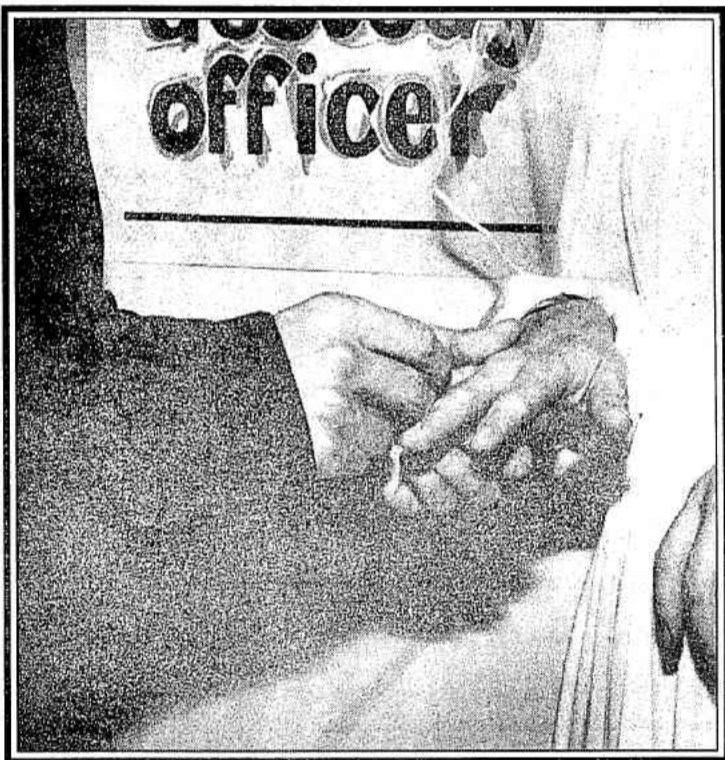
dents are getting married doesn’t mean they’re buying into the patriarchal institution. “We didn’t get marriage to settle in suburbia” says Sean. “Some people’s attitude to marriage is you move into suburbia and start making your way up to a good job, kids etc. We didn’t really feel any outside pressure to get married and settle down, but there is a certain attitude in society that this is what marriage means. We didn’t want to succumb to that crap. Marriage often becomes just another category people force on you. It doesn’t have to.”

Although they see themselves as a ‘we’ to some degree, in planning for the future he and his wife try to maintain their individual identity. “Marriage obviously complicates planning for the future, but we try not to restrict each other. When I finish my degree I’m planning to go overseas for six months



while she stays behind. I don't think it will be a problem, but you do have to make sacrifices". Rebecca, on the other hand, embraces a unified future. But even this does not mean plans for a house and two point six children. "We want to finish uni, then live overseas for a few years before we come back to settle here. Maybe we'll start a family in about ten years."

So if a student marriage doesn't mean a house and kids, what does it mean? Sean himself admits that, having lived together prior to the marriage, their lives haven't changed much. He and his wife have the usual student economic problems. Sean works part-time whilst completing his studies. His wife, having just finished her degree, also works. Despite the Austudy advantages of student marriage, which have been much publicised in the recent protests over government cuts to student support, marriage provided no particular financial advantage to this couple. She already qualified for independent Austudy



whilst he had been at university too long to qualify for any government support. As for fitting marriage in around the student schedule: "Living together you don't have too many problems with spending time together. Honours makes the whole thing more stressful, but that would be the same in any relationship."

The one thing which must suffer is the student lifestyle. It's difficult to cruise the bars with a spouse in tow, even without the mortgage and kids. Plus there's the embarrassment of being the only cheerleader with a husband. But Sean doesn't think marriage has cramped his style at all. "Playing the field has never interested me. Most people playing the field just seem to be looking for something long term. If you felt you'd found the right person and neglected that to play the field, it's pointless."

Yet the fact remains that, despite the stability, the companionship and the party, most students still choose not to take the plunge. So no matter how many times you've been stuffed into a peach-coloured toilet-roll cover and forced to waddle down the aisle in front of a peer you haven't seen since third grade, the vast majority of your lab group is likely to remain unmarried for a very long time. And, in the interests of a rounded perspective, why? "We didn't really feel any outside pressure, and we don't believe in it. It puts stress on a relationship". Vicki is one of the near-married, sharing a house and a one year old child with her partner of several years. Yet the couple have never felt the need to marry, and have no plans to do so in the future. "I don't think it would make a difference to our practical lives, but it might emotionally. It's not an essential part of who we are, morally or anything. I think we'll be together forever, though there are never any guarantees... I don't believe in the whole religious side, making all those unrealistic vows in front of God and everything. It would be hard to be part of a relationship others didn't treat seriously, but since we have a child even social security considers us married. Also, the money's a big thing, unless your parents pay. If we had the money for a wedding, we'd probably use it to go overseas." Skip the wedding, go straight to the honeymoon.

*"We want
to finish
uni.
Maybe
we'll
start a
family in
about ten
years."*

For the Love of Money

In the past few weeks, with student protests against Austudy cuts coming to a head, the financial advantages of marriage, which makes both partners legally independent and hence able to gain Austudy without reference to their parents' income, have been much touted. These protests climaxed in a mock wedding a few weeks ago in union court, the point being that a marriage may end up being the only way for many students to gain access to the means to attend university.

Marriages of convenience seem unlikely to be the student craze of the nineties. After all, we at *Woroni* were unable to find anyone who was actually willing to enter into such an arrangement. Those students we did speak to were adamant against economically motivated marriages. Says Rebecca: "Being able to get Austudy because we're married will obviously help, but that's not why we're getting married. Getting married, or even hurrying into marriage, just to get Austudy would be pointless. There's too much at stake."

Sean, married philosophy student, is even more outspoken: "It's ridiculous. There are too many complications, too many labels attached to marriage to make it worthwhile just for money. It's individual for each couple. It's a very personal thing."

LICK IT UP



Our Richard Marx in: Marxie and the kiss of death

Marxy's "Manhattan Blues", written and recorded in his luxurious Beverly Hills abode, had been released to a conspicuous absence of raving, panting and adoring. Richard's manager assured him that this was because the world was just not ready for the raw, pure energy of the soul-searching ballads. "Ain't Got no Acid to Wash My Jeans", "Can't Find My Hairbrush" and "I'm Bored and Nobody Wants to Play With Me" had left all but the most fanatical fans surprisingly unmoved.

Richard drifted to the window and looked out on the annoyingly spacious grounds and irritatingly large swimming pool. The butler peeked around the door and quietly inquired whether Sir would care for some fresh party pies.

"Bon Jovi, I thought I told you to call me Elvis. I simply won't reply to anything else. And get your stinking stupid party pies out of my face."

"Certainly, Elvis," the butler replied with a bow and exited.

Richard frowned and followed the servant, stamping his boots severely.

"I guess I will have some of your stupid pies, if I have to," he said in a huff, and proceeded to scoff down the whole plate on the spot, dribbling Pop's tomato sauce down his chin.

The faithful servant knew his job, and piggy backed Richard to his room after this feast, where Richard sighed as loudly as he could and "accidentally" ripped his teddy bear's head off. Then he went to his hamburger phone and demanded to speak to his manager.

"I'm bored. I don't have anything to do and nobody likes me. Even Bon Jovi hates me and my teddy bear's b-b-broken!" he complained and promptly burst into tears.

"Why not write some new songs? Get back to your roots and write a romantic ballad?"

"No," Richard replied.

"Well... you could invite some of your friends over."

"No. Don't have any," Marxie pouted.

"What about that nice Gene fellow?"

"He doesn't like me."

"Of course he does! He was just telling me the other day that he'd like to get together with you some time."

"Really?" Richard replied, his face brightening and his tears already drying from the heat of his now flushed cheeks.

"Really." Richard had heard all he needed to know and hung up the phone. He dialled again.

"Gene, Richard. My place, pronto," he demanded, then he put "God Gave Rock n' Roll to You" on the stereo as loudly as possible and painted a star around his eye with eyeliner. When the fellow rock star arrived on the doorstep, Richard looked with surprise through the peep-hole. Why, this fellow had no make up on at all! And he kept his tongue firmly inside his mouth! Who was this imposter?

Richard opened the door.

"Right. Against the wall," Marxie ordered

and lingeringly frisked him.

"Now just who are you?"

"Richard, it's me! Gene Simmons!"

"Yeah, and I'm Richard Marx," Richard snappily replied, realising too late that he was. Marxie concealed his blunder by quickly demanding to see the stranger's tongue. The stranger revealed himself to be the popular and suggestive musician upon opening his mouth and unrolling a considerable length.

"It is you!" Richard cried and welcomed Gene in with open arms.

It was an extremely pleasant afternoon for all concerned. Copious amounts of Jim Beam were consumed, Richard used Gene's tongue as a skipping rope, and, most importantly, much jamming was done.

"With my lyrics and your music, we could have a hit!" Gene slurred. After an hour of jamming Gene amended this to:

"With my lyrics and my music, I could have a hit and you could perform at my concert!" Another hour and Gene made another alteration:

"With my lyrics and my music, I could have a hit and you can have a free ticket to my concert!" Richard, star-struck, agreed.

After Gene left, Richard walked around in a daze. Gene was so fun to be with! In his joy and elation he penned one of the heart-warming ballads his manager had suggested. It was titled "Kiss my Genes" and naturally became a hit.

Richard waited for Gene's call of congratulations and thanks for this tribute, but it never came. In desperation Richard called Gene, whose only mysterious utterance before slamming down the phone was:

"I'm not that sort of boy, Richard!"

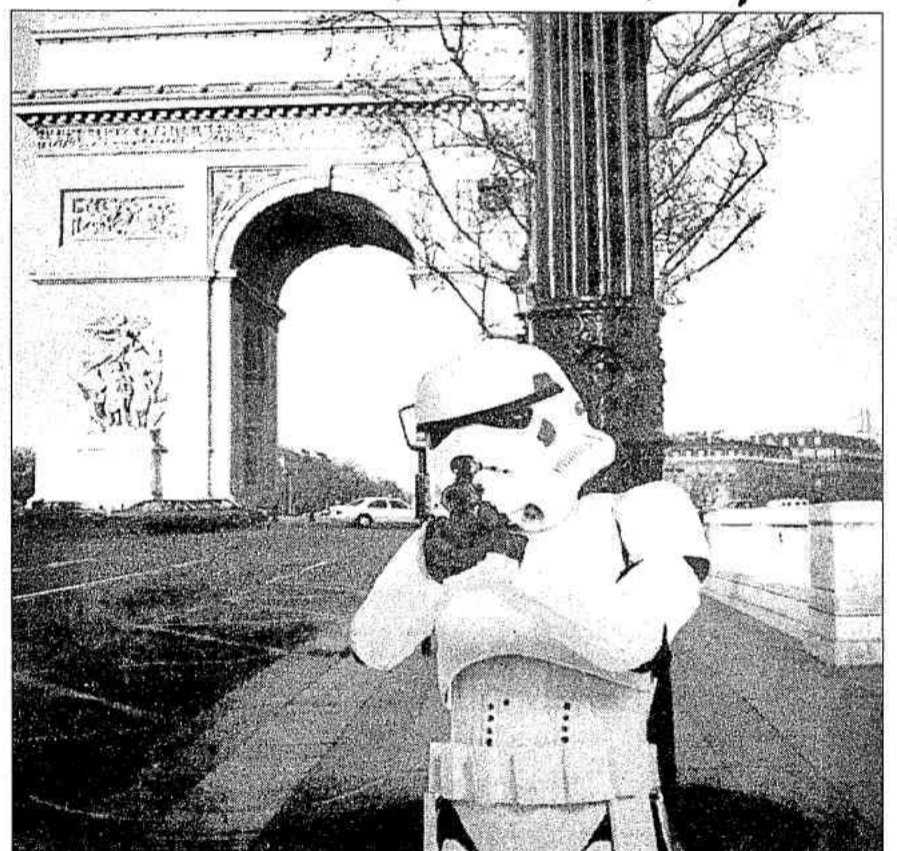
Richard was mortified and perplexed, puzzled and confused. Thoughts of suicide flitted through his mind. He would crash his car like James Dean, choke on a sandwich like Mama Cass or choke on vomit like Jimi Hendrix. Death by bath was eventually decided upon as the most rock n' roll, and the most pleasant. However, Marxie was clueless as to how Jim Morrison had managed this feat of expiration.

Richie climbed into his fur-lined bath and turned the orange laminex hot tap. He thought a very hot bath might just do the trick, but when the steaming water crept up to his toes he screamed and shot out of the tub.

"A little cold water never prevented anyone from dying" Richie rationalised and finally eased himself into a very comfortable bath. He waited for half an hour and when he didn't die soaped himself with strawberry soap from the Body Shop and left the bathroom as clean as a new pin.

"This death business is too difficult" he decided and, warm and sleepy, curled up in his round-like-a-record bed. What usually follows followed, with no more thoughts of demise clouding that relatively famous, relatively attractive face.

—SARAH HUTCHINGS



Calling all losers, deviants and perverts

Lick It Up is beginning two new sections in next month's paper that promise to deliver the kind of quality salaciousness about which the *Great Aussie Post* could only dream.

The first section is entitled "Your Problems Answered: With Dean and Rob from Television's *The Curiosity Show*." If you have a particularly filthy problem then Dean and his 'partner' Rob will be only too happy to do their best to pry and, with luck, make matters worse for you.

The second section is entitled "True Confessions" and promises more voyeuristic pleasure than even regular readers of *Woman's Day* currently enjoy. Ever had sex in a lift, ever urinated on a bouncer in a Gold Coast Nightclub? We want to hear about it.

Simply address all your problems and confessions to "Lick It Up" and drop them into the *Woroni* office - and remember, discretion is assured.

Our man at UCan

UCan Man dishes dirt as he wanders through the Belco Mall Uni

People ask: Is the enigmatic University of Canberra an elaborate make-up job to conceal a College of Advanced Education? Do students really graduate by virtue of their talent, or the thickness of their wallet? Is it a fact that at their refectory every order of chips and gravy comes with a free Bachelor of Admin.

In response, I (under the pseudonym of The UCan Man) devised a dangerous and rather wacky scheme. I would act as a spy around Canberra Uni, disguised as an over-groomed Public Servant with a cheap Lowes suit and an imitation leather briefcase.

For months I sauntered, admiring the splendour of the gray-brick, numbered buildings whose style of architecture would make a Bauhausian toilet block gaudy in comparison. Eventually, figuring I was clearly one of the fauna, I snuck into a dark, sterile, empty room. To the untrained eye this room would seem to be a cleaner's closet; it was in fact the social hub of UCan — the Bar.

I recalled wasting an evening here when I was one of the few who unwittingly ventured to the Bar during 'Stone Night' — UCan's biggest (and only) night of the year. This evening of drunken antics doesn't simply take its name from the personalities attending UCan, but from the first boulder to ever graduate from a University, at our very own UC.

Crossing the room, I noticed beside a philharmonics' notice-board plastered with posters of vintage artists such as 1927, Bon Jovi, and Jimmy Barnes, a small group of students engaged in intense conversation. One member carried an outdated copy of the Socialist Worker; another donned a risqué T-shirt titled 'Hanson is racist white trash'; and all had mellow, 'environmentally friendly' tones of voice. Clearly they were the under-dressed, upper-middle-class Students' Representatives. Listening in, I could hear their leader planning a flour bomb raid on ANU for unwarranted, defamatory publications in *Woroni* against UC. Therefore, feeling my position threatened I pushed through the crowds (of empty chairs), and left the Bar through one of its many exits.

Several weeks later I managed to sneak into the Lecturers' lounge. Upon entering, several Communication Lecturers trapped me in a stilted conversation about 'Postmodern Neo-Crapism effects on the media'. I gathered this philosophical chicanery was not only designed to obscure truth, reality and real communication, but academic scrutiny of their under-qualifications.

Overwhelmed by this intellectual charade, I bid the mediocrity farewell, only to encounter another group of poseurs — the prattling student clique at the Iguana Cafe (Canberra Uni's mini-Manuka). After decorating myself in over-priced lycra, I strutted through a courtyard full of snot-noses with parent-paid lifestyles and blow-wave hairstyles like the cast of *Beverly Hills 90210: The Movie*. Unable to bear the smell of imitation Chanel No. 5 any longer, I decided to abscond from the University.

Thus, by venturing incognito through this concrete jungle, having a wild time at the bar, and meeting many intriguing, bubbling personalities I managed to uncover some of the mystery about this TAFE posing as a University.

Yours in confidence,

UCan Man

The UCan Man, BEcon, DSc, Doctor of Pillory.

A pointless discussion about acne

Most of us have been at least a couple of rounds with that International Teenage Angst Federation's heavyweight champion of the world, acne, in our adolescent years. I know I sure did — I've got the scars to prove it. My acne period was a very depressing time in my life, a time that ultimately spawned a plethora of overwrought angst filled cries for help written on an acoustic guitar in my bedroom and led me, in a roundabout way, to joining a band. Taking a look around the rock world. It has become apparent that perhaps I was not the only one who had his creative engine fuelled by pus and I have begun to form a theory that an acne problem bestows on a soul a higher than average probability of joining a band.

1. The Good Looking Acne Survivor

Some guys just always land on their feet. Imagine the feeling of victory as your years of emotional torment slide away once you join a band get famous and become a sex symbol. This must surely be the number one reason why acne survivors join bands. In no pursuit is it more possible to be ugly and yet still sexy. I guess if your head is plastered across magazines the world over people make a subconscious decision to get beyond the acne pitted surface and find something else about you to like. It is as if people say, "Hey I'm looking at this guy's face at least once every thirty minutes, so I may as well make it pleasurable. Actually he's got really nice eyes and lovely hair. Hey he's gorgeous!"

Look at Michael Hutchence. His face has more craters than the Sea of Tranquility, but he is universally acknowledged as a very sexy guy. If Michael was a chartered accountant he'd probably struggle to make any impression down the pub on a Friday night but he's a rock star, he's 'special', and people have discovered that, despite his features being totally acne ravaged, as features go they're actually very pleasant.

2. Acne is no barrier to the Serious Artist

This is the category that I want to get into. I'm not spunky enough for the number one side but I reckon I'm just about a big enough try hard, poseur to make the 'A Team', even if only as 12th man. For mine, the captain of the 'A Team', the Bradmanesque figure of acne scarred ugly guys who still make it, is Michael Stipe. Stipey has a couple of very ordinary looking craters at the top of his nose something akin to the rough outside leg stump that Shane Warne aims for, or maybe a spot mid pitch where Greigy stuck the keys in a bit too hard. If Michael's nose was an Olympic ski jump the top part would be where protesters had vandalised it to thwart the competition, in much the same way that vandals dug a hole in the pitch and poured oil in at Leeds during the Aussies' 1975 tour of England.

Let's face it, Stipe has beaten acne and more power to him. People are too busy listening to what comes out of his mouth to be bothered looking at the head from which the mouth was forged. If you can elevate yourself to 'Serious Artiste' level your problems are over. Don't even bother with the Clearasil the scars may well just add that slightly tortured haunted look that you should be looking for to round off your image.

3. Want to play Indie Rock? Pimples are an advantage

OK now it gets hardcore. Sure there's a few Evan Dandos that spoil the bunch but for the most part there is no better place in all music to turn a crusted collection of cicatrices to your advantage than in alternative rock. Pallid, skinny frames, bad posture, greasy hair and awful complexions are all de rigueur in the grungy world of 90s guitar music. There are a few more exhilarating sights than that of a skinny, wasted looking guitarist whose lank, greasy hair drips oil into the a crop of festering facial sores while he stares at his shoes watching pus leak onto the floor.

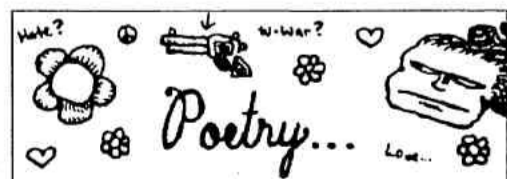
Lee Ranaldo from Sonic Youth is my darkhorse in this event. He is old enough for his volcanoes to no longer be active, a fact that is important given that I doubt that as a society we have truly come to terms with our squeamishness in the face of fresh, erupting cancers. He also has ultimate credibility — acne always looks best on the nerdy sideman who's actually underneath the relief map of a face, the intellectual powerhouse of the group. You know that when Lee was a kid he sure as hell wasn't going out on dates, giving him all the more time to be sticking Dad's screwdriver set under the strings of his guitar and trying to coax feedback out of Mum's blender.

So next time an ugly red spot appears on your cheek take as comfort the fact that pimples changed the course of post-punk rock and get thee to a guitar shop.

—ANDREW COX

Andrew Cox is the lead singer of Melbourne band *The Fauves*. This article originally appeared in the second edition of their own publication, *Shred*.

THE FAT, SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED METAL GUY.



If I was
If I was a sailor I'd sail straight to you,
If I was a tailor I would make a suit of blue,
If I was a sculptor I'd carve you pretty things,
If I was a nightingale together we would sing,
If I was a bird it would be you that I'd fly too,
and if I was a prostitute I'd give you a fuck.

A Poem About Confusion

The Twisting paths that end so abruptly
In our lives
The scattered shards of warmth
Filtered without compromise
Undying love
Undying presence
Like a thing in nature that I talk about
Even though I live in the city
Like a sentence that should take up one
Line
but instead the last words are
Written separately
And don't rhyme

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LIFESTYLE and the Vegas are

food



(above) Hang out with the post-grads at Boffins in University House

eating out

Places to take your parents: Boffins and Vivaldi

VIVALDI, IN THE ANU Arts Centre off University Ave, is a great place for a damn good spoiling of the senses. The owner and chef, Tony Wood, serves up some great dishes inspired by European and Asian cuisine.

With a relaxed, intimate atmosphere and unpretentious service, the half-shade of Vivaldi courtyard provides the perfect on campus setting for any special occasion. While the restaurant itself is tastefully decorated, the courtyard should be experienced before autumn chills the air.

Its location makes Vivaldi the ideal place for a pre-theatre dinner or an on campus lunch. If you are looking for quality and value the buffet lunch is a great option, aimed at the discerning foodie but reason-

ably priced at \$15, happily throwing in that student mantra 'all you can eat'.

The a la carte menu lacks serious vegetarian options, although the vegetarian lasagne made from filo pastry is fantastic and comes highly recommended, but not for those fainthearted in the dairy product department. There is also a selection of great wines on offer and BYO bottled wine is welcome if you are on a budget.

Desserts at Vivaldi are a definite highlight, right up there with the fairy lights — pricey but a glorious indulgence. Combined with great coffee, Vivaldi makes for a pretty persuasive 'let's do coffee and dessert'.

Vivaldi is seriously worth consid-

ering as a post-graduation dinner venue, particularly if you don't mind spending the money on something a bit more special than a Ploughman's hamburger and Coke.

—KATE BOOTH & NICO ROEHRICH

Vivaldi

address: ANU Arts Centre
phone: 257 2718
opening hours:
 Lunch: Mon-Fri 12-2 pm
 Dinner: Mon-Sat 6-10 pm
average prices:
 entrees — \$6.90-\$12.90
 mains — \$10.90-\$19.00
 desert — \$8.90
 Wines range from \$14.90-\$47

BOFFINS AT UNIVERSITY HOUSE is a dining experience on campus like no other. Old Canberra charm meets modern Australian food in a comfortable, discreet and friendly setting. This is a restaurant to come for a special occasion or if your parents are paying! Although given the quality and generosity of the food and service, prices are not unreasonable.

We had a long and relaxed lunch and much appreciated the humour and fantastic service of our hostess Ute, who made us feel very much at home in our clubby surrounds. A little disconcerting was the fact that a close neighbour was our beloved Vice Chancellor, trading in the opportunity of appearing at a National Day of Action for a Boffins business lunch. A good move on his part for the food was, on the whole, very pleasant.

Boffins does a Business Lunch

and Special Luncheon deal (\$17.50 and \$18.50) which could be a good move. The Chef also is happy to cater for special dietary requirements. As part of the Business Lunch we sampled a delightful, zesty Thai chicken and coriander soup and a main of Smoked Chicken piled high with sculptural Kumera chips. Both were excellent — the soup a highlight. The service was friendly and quick, the plates and cutlery chunky. Another entree that took our fancy was the char-grilled venison sausage with a saffron, wattle seed, and sweet potato mash on a rosemary jus (\$9). Great presentation and a colourful and tasty array of sausage, roast capsicum, basil and mash. My favourite dish was the Asian inspired grilled kangaroo fillet (\$18). The tender roo reclining in warm, earthy juices and accompanied by bok choy and shitaki mushrooms.

The food was plentiful and came with side vegetables. Boffins has a great walk-in wine cellar and we washed down our meal with a remarkably smooth 'House' red (\$4). Boffins is an unexpected and welcome surprise in ANU/Canberra dining. Treat yourself.

—DANIEL JOYCE

Boffins

address: University House, cnr Balmain Crescent and Liversidge Street, Acton.
phone: 2495285
opening hours:
 Lunch: Mon-Fri 12-2pm
 Dinner: daily from 6 pm
average prices:
 entrees — \$8-10
 main — \$15-19
 dessert — from \$6
byo: not available, but an extensive wine list.

Mum's Fruit Loaf: a taste of home



(above) Hot dates

This fruit loaf is a delicious and healthy snack that keeps well wrapped in alfoil.

Ingredients:

1 cup bran or muesli
 1 cup dried fruit mix (preferably sans glacé cherries)
 nearly a whole cup of raw sugar
 1 cup milk or orange juice

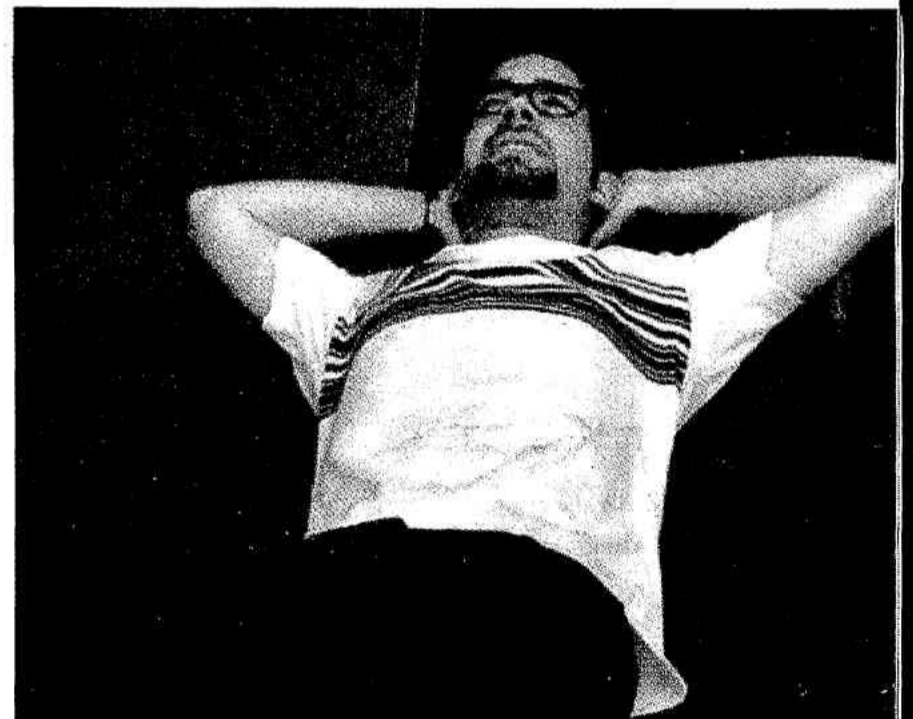
1. Preheat the oven to approximately 170 degrees centigrade.
2. Mix all the ingredients.
3. Let it all soak for about an hour.
4. Once all the ingredients are soaking happily, add 1.5 cups of self-raising flour and mix thoroughly.
5. Grease a loaf tin or any cake tin handy.

6. Pour all the delicious mixture into the tin and pop in the oven for about an hour (usually takes a little bit longer). Voilà — really delicious stuff that lies somewhere between a cake and a loaf of bread. Cheap too.

You can add chopped dried apricots or mashed banana for a different flavour to please your friends. Warning — this cake does not last long in a house of young adults. Make more than one to keep tempers at bay.

eating in

campus look

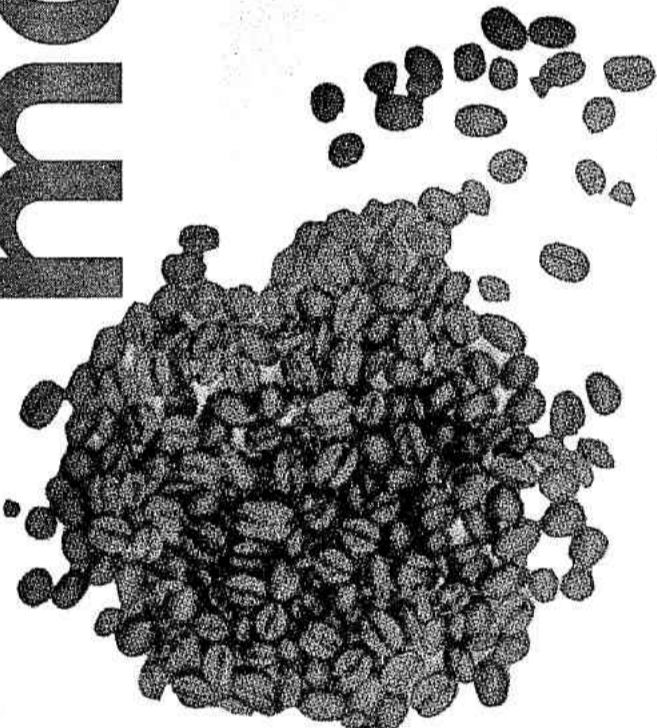


Mike, a final year Arts/Law student, is looking good and feeling very cosmopolitan in bits and pieces he picked up all over Europe during a year overseas. He assures us, however, that his glasses are from Tumut Optometrist. The top is from Germany, darling; the pants from Paris. Need we say more? Mikey Mike is a man of style. Make up by Max Factor.

PHOTO: JAMES PAINTER

handy household hint
 Save hot water by going to bed at 6am with a hot water bottle. Get up an hour later and the water in the bottle will still be warm enough for a pleasant sponge bath

money



buying better

Cheap hits: Coffee under two dollars

In these days of hunger and Howardcuts, when we need solace more than ever, the quest for a cheap (under \$2) cappuccino-to-go assumes desperate proportions. The temperature is dropping, but Calypso's prices aren't — where should we turn for that steaming hit of caffeine?

We began the search for the Ultimate bargain Coffee: a chocolaty fairyland of froth, fragrant of freshly ground beans and sunshine and mirth, with rich yet subtle flavours of Jamaica, enchanting, inexpensive, and in a foam cup.

Needless to say, no way Jose. As

our sampling progressed, 'inoffensive' became the mark of distinction. We even tried Ampol, which was an experience. Not a fun one. For \$1.50 we watched a uriney stream emerge from rusty pipes, mix with "milk" and form something very odd in a cup. Sorrento's (the place next to Mama's) was the same price, and while it shouldn't make you fear for your life, buying your own Nescafé and styrofoam is a better option. Unbelievably at Sorrento's, takeaway cappuccino is Nescafé with froth; disregard the Vittoria signs.

Although the coffee tasted of the



(above) This coffee would probably cost more than two dollars

cup and UHT use was suspected, Macdonald's was comparatively good. After chiselling through the resilient froth and pondering a certain je ne sais quoi in the after taste, this turned out to be not a bad cup. In terms of taste UFC (see table below) wins hands down.

Mother makes a gutsy brew which tastes great and provides the required 'hit'. For \$1.20 Mother is worth walking to, but unfortunately Macdonald's prevails in value and convenience. Bummer.

—LANA G NADJ & JULIET EDSON

Place	Price	Brand	Flavour	Caffeine Hit	Value for Money
Calypso	\$2	Vittoria	Teeth-breaking froth, a bit bitter	Good, but ask for a double	★★★
McDonalds	\$1	Moccopona	Buttery, UHT foretaste, cardboard-like aroma	Fair	★★★★
Sorrento's	\$1.50	Nescafé	Tastes hot	Inadequate	★
Ubiquitous Family Coffeeshop	\$1.20	Cosmorex	Yumme	Caffeine!	★★★★
Ampol (Braddon)	\$1.50	?	Oh my God — discard ASAP	Great	—★★★

legal ease

Count to ten: Drink Driving

In the ACT, police have the power to stop the driver of any motor vehicle on a public road or in a public place and require them to undergo a breathalyser test, or a 'screening' test in police jargon.

If you are pulled over and tested by the police for over enthusiastic consumption of alcohol, you will be asked to speak into the testing device. This is the initial screening to ascertain whether there is any alcohol present.

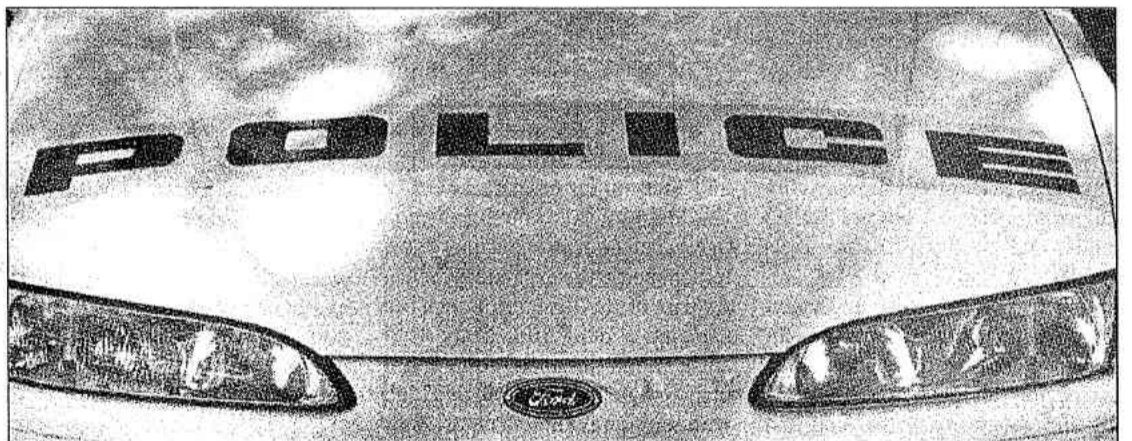
If the screening detects alcohol, you will be asked to blow into the device (through a sterile mouth-piece) to measure exactly how much alcohol you have in your system. An accurate measurement is necessary in case any charges are laid and the matter goes to court.

So, let's assume all the lights are flashing, you're cursing yourself and the police officer is asking you to kindly step out of your vehicle.

You will then be taken into custody for a more thorough breath analysis. It is important to know that you will also be taken into custody if you refuse to undergo the preliminary screening test, or if you fail to follow the police officer's instructions.

Once in custody, you will be taken to a Police Station or a hospital and issued with a statement giving the details of the initial testing. You will then be observed for at least twenty minutes to ensure that you do not consume anything which might interfere with the next breath analysis you are about to undergo. If, for example, you were to burp and bring alcohol into your mouth, it could possibly interfere with the test result.

After you have been watched for twenty minutes, you will be required to undergo a breath analysis using a more sophisticated, fully



(above) If you're this close, all is not well

automated instrument which records details of the location, officer(s) involved and of the subject (you). This test is performed in controlled conditions and gives the final analysis of your breath.

If you refuse to undergo the test at this stage, you will be charged with the offence of 'refusing breath test' or 'failing to undergo breath test', for which you can be summonsed or arrested at the discre-

tion of the police officer, and appear in Court.

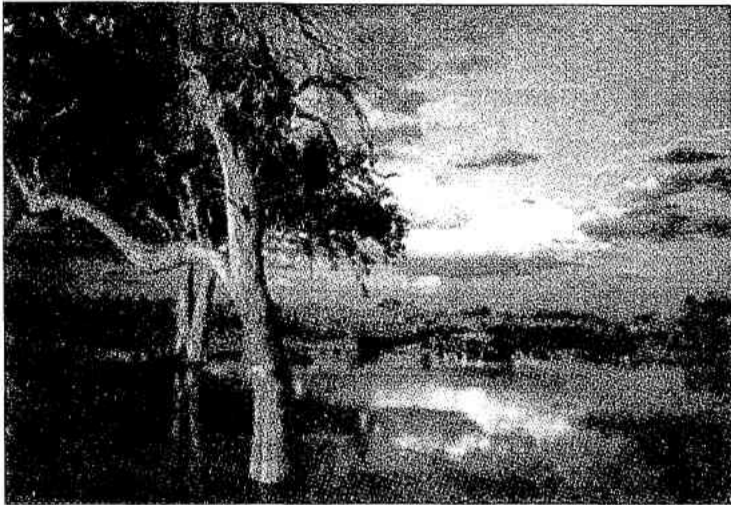
If you are unable to undergo the test due to injury following an accident, or because the police have not got the equipment there, they may take you to a hospital and direct a doctor to take a blood sample for analysis. Failure to provide a blood sample is also an offence.

All up, the message is clear — there is no escape. The police im-

ply you not to drink and drive.
 —CONSTABLE WAYNE TERPSTRA
 BREATH ANALYSIS UNIT
 AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL POLICE

Woroni would like to thank the AFP for their assistance. We have edited the information they provided and although we have attempted to ensure the accuracy of the column, it should not be relied upon as legal advice.

travel



(above and left) Some of Zimbabwe's spectacular sights

Looking for fun in Zimbabwe

For many, Zimbabwe is the last stop on the well-worn overland route from Kenya. Often it is not considered much of a serious destination in its own right, but merely a place to relax before flying home, or before facing the man-made wilds of South Africa.

Zimbabwe is the country that most other African countries now want to be. It has cleverly geared itself as one of the world's fastest growing tourist destinations, while avoiding the traps of greed and mismanagement into which many other central and southern African nations have fallen. As a result, Zimbabwe is a rapidly growing country with a relatively stable economy, and a good infrastructure that makes it easy to get around. It is also about a million times safer than just about any other African nation.

If you really want to understand the country then it is necessary to get into the rhythm by which it operates. This is a pace that can be so mind numbingly slow that there is a great temptation to simply throw your hands up in the air and sit in your hotel room all day watching 1987 episodes of *Neighbours* (this really happened I'm afraid). You soon realise, however, that if Zimbabwean fun does not come up and bite you, you have to be prepared to look for it.

This is not to say that Zimbabwe doesn't have classic tourist attractions, because there are a number that are world renowned: the famously spectacular Victoria Falls; the ruins of 'Great Zimbabwe'; and Hawange National Park.

Victoria Falls is a must-see for every visitor to Zimbabwe, but it is also arguably the worst town in the country. Not only that, but there are few places for people on tight budgets to stay as the gov-

ernment is actively discouraging backpackers in favour of big-spending South Africans, Americans and Europeans. My advice is see the Falls, go for a day-trip over the border into Zambia (the falls literally divides the two countries), do the white water rafting which is the best in the world — then leave.

The absolute highlight of Zimbabwe, in my opinion, is Motobo National Park, which is just outside the second largest city, Bulawayo. Cecil Rhodes, who gave the country its original name of Rhodesia, left this stunning place as a national park and as a grave for both himself and his right-hand man Jamieson.

Not only is the scenery in this place incredibly eerie with its balancing boulders and weather-worn mountains, but the park is historically and culturally very important to blacks, whites and the native San people whose cave paintings litter the area. It's also full of rhinos, who were introduced into this environment and have bred like wildfire; there are few odder sensations than being ten metres from a gigantic animal cavorting amongst enormous stones.

Zimbabwe is also probably the best place to go on safari in Africa. Kenya, Botswana and Tanzania are all expensive, and South Africa is too crowded, so Hawange National Park, one of the largest in Africa, is the perfect place to see wildlife. For about twenty bucks you can go on half day drives and, with luck, see absolutely every animal you want. For about a hundred dollars you can go on three day camps in the park — not to mention the great Zambezi River safaris you can do in the north.

Animals grow boring pretty fast in my eyes, and I've always pre-

ferred historical monuments and art, of which there are plenty in Zimbabwe. The most spectacular historical monuments are the Great Zimbabwe ruins, as well as the equally interesting Kame Ruins outside Bulawayo.

The Great Zimbabwe ruins are massive walls (in some places 11 metres thick) that form an ancient fort complex which, in some places up the hill, blend seamlessly with the naturally occurring boulders on the cliff face.

Zimbabwe's cultural history does not end with its monuments, bush art and medieval sculpture. The country is also producing some of the liveliest and most refreshingly honest art in the whole world.

The so-called 'Shona sculptors' are some of international contemporary art's big stars, and a small piece by one of the really big names is not out of the student budget. If the work of modern masters doesn't appeal to you as much as it does to wanky art history students like myself, then the art sold on the streets is even more affordable and inventive. The wire motorbikes, cars and helicopters, not to mention the carved sculpture, lace work and jewellery, that people hawk on the road would make Tonya Toddman weep. It makes you re-evaluate Western complacency when you see what can be produced by kids with bits of wire in this country.

Zimbabwe may not offer the *Heart of Darkness* atmosphere that other African nations do, but for a picture of an emerging nation, the charm of Zimbabwe would be hard to beat.

—BRENDAN SHANAHAN

foreign correspondent

jo briscoe (with Sharon Kennett)
(jimb374@psu.edu)
pennsylvania state university



Frat parties: everything you've heard is true

Picture every stereotype you have picked up from sitcoms, music videos and tacky B-grade college flicks, and you probably have a fairly accurate portrayal of University Life in America. Sad but True.

The social scene in America is rather limited by a peculiar law which sets the drinking age at 21. This curiously high age results in a somewhat surreal situation. There is an entire generation in limbo. They are adults, yet minors. They can buy a gun, but not a six-pack. Thus the social experiment that is America has spawned that most popular of college beasts — The Fraternity Party.

It is the available (and free) alcohol which accounts for the massive popularity of The Fraternity Party. After all, what else could any self-respecting (underage) college student be expected to do? They are driven to the Fraternity Party by the cruel legalities of this fascist nation — the Land of the Free? I think not.

It is a little known fact that there are several species of Fraternity Party. All vary in their degrees of formality, numbers of people, noise and dress codes, but all involve the obligatory alcohol in large quantities. However the centrepiece of the weekend is the Party. Getting the most out of the Party requires a complex series of manoeuvres akin to a full-scale military operation. Amongst a dizzying whirl of Kappas, Alphas, and Deltas, you must first establish where exactly you are going. Unfortunately, the hieroglyphics on the buildings are not often helpful.

The second hurdle facing the Party goers is The Door. Now, you're probably thinking that a simple palm-meets-doorknob would suffice. Wrong, wrong, wrong. Potential participants soon discover it's not what you know, it's *who* you know. Making it past the door staff usually involves mentioning the name of a frat brother. Safe bets include Chip, Hank and Steve Sanders. Alternatively, you can always hike up your skirt (a manoeuvre usually reserved for the fairer sex).

Once inside, the next mission is to acquire alcohol. This may sound simple, but appearances are often deceptive. This usually requires a voyage to the Fraternity Basement. The voyage may be perilous, and pilgrims are subjected to such dangers as beer oceans lapping at the stairs. Once the Basement is reached and the vicious swirling mob has been bravely overcome, there is yet another barrier to be faced — the Beer Dispenser. Simple coinage is not sufficient to operate this breed of machine. A subtle combination of skill, tact and flattery is required. In this situation, an exaggerated Australian accent may often prove useful and effective.

You would imagine that this epic quest would have the suitable reward of a stellar brew at its end. But alas, many an Australian exchange student has been sorely disappointed, often resulting in their waking from a "Natural Ice" nightmare, quaking in a pool of sweat, yearning for just one very green can — "Matter of fact, I've got it now."

Once you are clutching a hard-won but very bad beer, the social milieu must be faced. The several species which inhabit the Party are distinctive and invariably spooky. There are usually representatives from all major social groups. The Prep Boy — easily identified by his plaid shirt, backwards baseball cap and mindless conversation. The Sorority Girl, a.k.a. the 'Soro-stitute' — characterised by her scant attire, nervous giggle and fluttering false eyelashes. Later in the evening, the obligatory Hurler rears its ugly head. This title has been held by many, in fact, if you are yet to chuck in a frat bathroom, you're not considered a real Penn Stater.

After enduring several thousand questions, all involving the word 'kangaroo', the exchange student learns to tune out after, "This may sound like a stupid question, but...". He or she wanders, in a slightly inebriated haze, through the jungle of those who are, those who almost are and those who can only wish they were. The level of conversation decreases incrementally as the level of beer consumption rises. As the lyrics of Men at Work's "Land Down Under" are quoted with increasing frequency, the exchange student desperately gulps more amber liquid (facing the perils of the Beer Dispenser each time) in an effort to block out their surroundings while desperately searching for a means of escape. They dance with abandon, as this allows them a brief pause from repeating "No, we don't ride kangaroos to school". Oh, for the Uni Bar!

As the confusion reaches its peak, one by one the Partygoers begin to take their leave. The exchange student attempts to joyfully run to The Door without making their eagerness too apparent. Fortunately, exiting through The Door proves remarkably more simple than entering it. A huge rush of freedom engulfs them. They have survived, albeit narrowly, their encounter with this most curious outcrop of American college culture. As they stumble — exhausted, inebriated, relieved — back to their tiny dorm room, they ponder their experiences, and as exhilaration at their success begins to wash over them, they wonder if they may not risk a second encounter... next weekend?

For more information on the ANU's international exchange program, contact the International Education Office on 249 4643.

CULTURE and a hat with a star

REINVENTING THE FORCE

Star Wars

So *Star Wars* is back on the big screen — what's all the fuss about? JULIAN HENDERSON goes along to find out, and in the process makes some interesting personal revelations. Meanwhile, JASON RICHARDSON explores the cultural influence of this cross-generational icon.

GEORGE LUCAS MAY have allowed a film that was good once "to be shown to a whole new generation" (promoter's words), but he's tainted it for me, and there is no way it will be eaten up with half as much zeal as it was the first time. *Star Wars* has lost its punch. Everyone is older, and the young are too desensitised to accept these special effects with an exclamation of 'wowee'.

They spent Thirty Five Million Dollars on the remake of *Star Wars*. Give me a tenth of that and I'll be happier than anyone who saw this movie. Come rebuke me, oh sound experts, but I didn't notice a single improvement. In addition, Hammil (Luke Skywalker) cannot act, which explains his move into

pornography; the story line is choppy, the ending is cheesier than any one of Tom Hanks' screwball comedies/heartwarmers; and the final battle is as exciting as a Napi-San Doorstop Challenge.

Seeing the new *Star Wars*, and leaving a little unimpressed, I decided to go back in time to find out what was so wonderful about the original movie — just what made it so good to be young and Luke, young and Han, young and Darth. I set the controls for the heart of the playground, quickly jumped in the orgasmatron, and zapped myself back.

There, a little disoriented, I saw a bunch of cut-knee boys, running around pretending to hit each other: "I wanna be Monkey — you can be Sandy 'cos you're a girl," and

"Hey fatso, you can be Pigsy". Obviously I had hit the wrong time, I had to go further back.

I exited the device once again, slightly groggier than before, and found myself in the middle of a mob of little girls playing with a very big rubber band. As they ran, the elastic snapped around my machine, breaking the Reality Hold. The machine wouldn't accept this, and malfunctioned, sending me whirling through a thousand and one fads of childhood: "I'll get you next time Gadget!" — "I wanna go of the Mr T mask" — "By the power Grey Skull!" — "Oh Dad, ALF ate my moose and I've got a date with Chad tonight!"

Now I was overwhelmed and mentally exhausted, so I screamed the most appropriate thing: "Doc, I've got to get back, back to the future!" Something in my ears went click and the chaos slowed down. I stepped out of the dying machine, dreading where I might be.

Reeling, I lowered myself to the ground

and welcomed unconsciousness after the derangement of the past hour. As I came back I felt a presence, something not there before, something familiar I'd never known — a force, it was a force. I pried my eyes open and Carrie Fisher was staring deep into them, her crimson lips moistly set in concern. They moved, and my mind held the words as a Jedi holds, and is held by, the Force.

"You've had a fall, and Obi Wan has asked me to help you as he once helped me. Rise now, and I'll take you to meet someone of great importance to you." I stumbled along beside this saviour of galaxies, and she took me see the man who would guide me.

"Hi, I'm Guy Smiley, and This Is Your Life!" he smiled, vaseline glistening off his cloth teeth. Not what I expected, but nonetheless it was a nice surprise.

"Tonight we've got some very special guests, all great influences on the confused young man you see before you."

One at a time, they came to me and made a simple factual statement each: Luke "I am your moral fibre"; Han "I am your daring"; Obi-Wan "I am your beliefs"; C-3PO & R2-D2, "We are your manners and your loyalty"; Chewey "Mwahhhhaaaah", and finally Darth Vader "I am your evil, though charming, powerful and ultimately doomed, alter-ego". One by one they lined up in front of me and chanted three times together "We are the Force, and may it be you" and then, still as one, leapt down my throat. Tears of gratitude running down my face, the lights went down, and when they came up again, I was home.

It was uncomfortable at first, knowing the Force and the intelligent influences upon it were there in my gut, coursing through my veins and controlling my mind, but once I got used to the idea and the extra weight, I felt pretty good about it.

I have overcome great hardships and survived the playground and brief fame, and though it makes me older, I don't mind so much. I'm happy now, and it was *Star Wars* without the Special Edition that made it so. The Force is within me and I'm as happy as George Lucas.

—JULIAN HENDERSON

(below) The coolest kids always got to play Han; the hairiest were left with Chewie



(below) Chicks with guns: was Leia the pioneer female action hero?





(above) The original whining maggot — was Luke an early SNAG?

A cultural analysis

WHILE MEDIA ATTENTION regarding the re-release of *Star Wars* has focused on the digital enhancements, the opportunity to analyse the effects of this cultural phenomenon has been neglected.

Just as film scholars have proposed that the Oedipal plots of the film noir genre were inspired by the spread of Freudian psychoanalytic theory, I propose that the impact of *Star Wars* laid a framework from which emerged the phenomenon of the sensitive new age guy (or SNAG). To argue this I will concentrate solely on the first film and not the entire trilogy.

The term SNAG is a recent addition to our vocabulary and is thought to have entered into popular thought (possibly as a result of the popularisation of feminist theory) within the last fifteen years. It is notably absent from dictionaries in Chifley library.

Feminism and the Women's Movement, on the other hand, were firmly entrenched in public knowledge at the time *Star Wars* was made. There are only two female characters in *Star Wars*: Princess Leia and Luke's short lived Aunt Beru. Leia revolutionised the role of women in science fiction and her influence can be seen in later characters such as Ripley in *Alien* and Sarah Connor in *The Terminator*.

Though she may not fly an X-Wing into battle (even *Independence Day* maintains that women can't fly fighters), Leia survives an Imperial torture device without revealing Rebel secrets, uses scathing sarcasm to undermine the male authority of Darth Vader, General Tankim and Han Solo, wastes a few Stormtroopers and takes charge to blast their way out of the Death Star's detention centre ("Somebody has to save our skins"). In comparison Aunt Beru, as a submissive older woman, is happy cooking vegetables with her chrome plated food processor. Furthermore, Feminism is given a veiled reference by Han Solo who, after referring to Leia as "Sister", says "I ain't in this for your revolution".

The SNAG message is conveyed to the audience via Luke Skywalker's indoctrination into the Jedi ideology. Under instruction from Obi Wan Kenobi, Luke is taught to use the force ("An energy field... which... penetrates and binds the galaxy together")

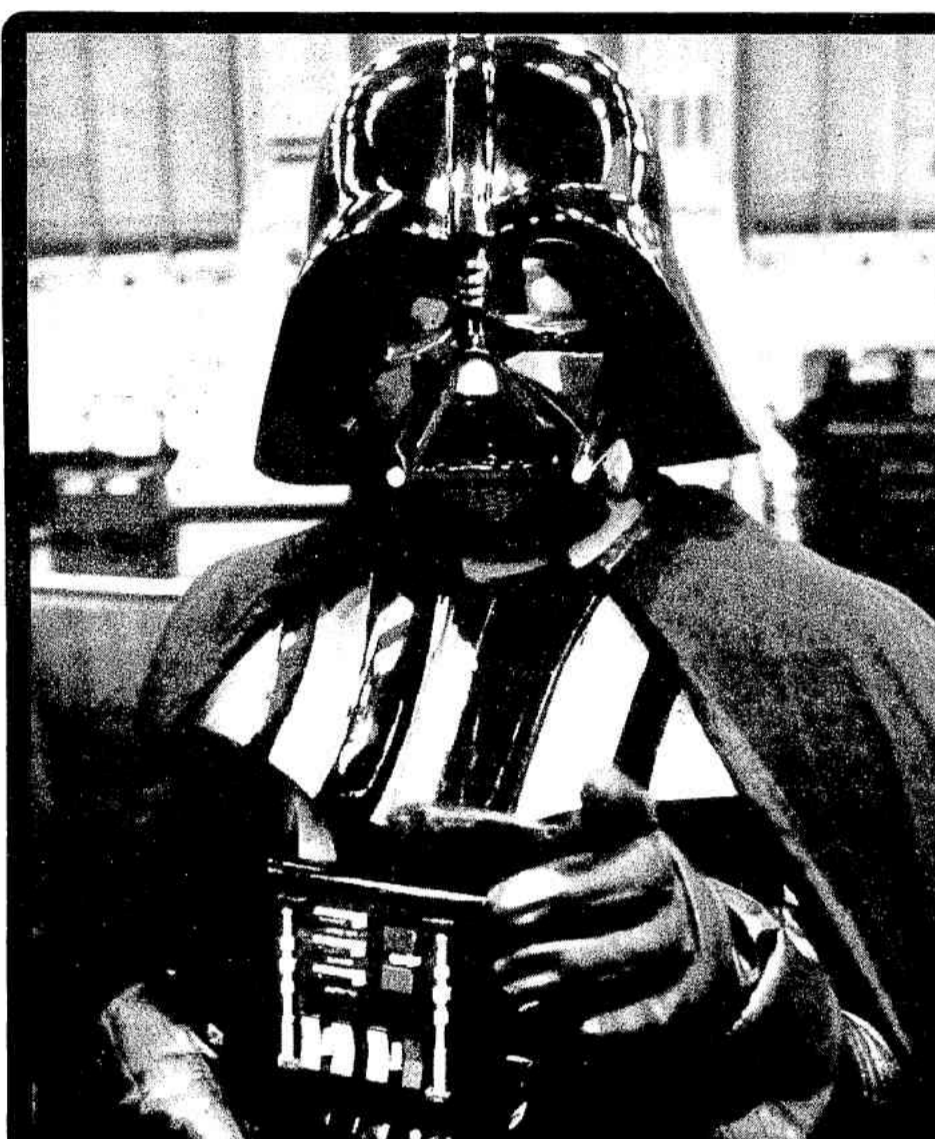
and to develop a skill akin to women's intuition. This process shapes young Luke into a classic SNAG as Obi encourages him to "trust your feelings", "stretch out with your emotions" while instructing him to ignore his rational (and 'masculine') thoughts with "let go of your conscious self" and "your eyes can deceive you, don't trust them". Luke learns these 'feminine' traits quickly and by the film's final third he tells Leia he cares, doesn't flinch from expressing his sorrow at Obi's death and learns to use sarcasm ("Take care of yourself Han, I guess that's what you're best at").

It is important to note that the benefits of SNAG qualities are reinforced in the viewer in two ways. Firstly, through the rivalry between Luke and Han to win the affections of Leia (who is the only sexually available female despite George Lucas having Carrie Fisher tape her breasts down). The bold Captain Solo (who dismisses both the force and Leia's "female advice") admires her spirit, while Luke describes Leia as beautiful from his first encounter with her holographic image. Their rivalry is explicit during a conversation when Han asks "What do you think, a Princess and a guy like me?" to which Luke replies quickly and sulkily "No". Within a subdued context in the film's final scene, the SNAG gets the Princess as illustrated during the award ceremony. Leia ignores Han Solo's sleazy smuggler's grin and common wink to bestow upon Luke a full pearly white smile.

The SNAG as a sexual conqueror is enforced during the climactic battle where the "vulnerable" Death Star is exposed to fighters using phallic torpedoes. I suggest this is a metaphor for reproduction, with the ovum being penetrated (which you may recall is a function of the force) by the successful sperm of a "one man" X-Wing spacecraft. Our fearless SNAG hero uses the force to endure longer than his fellow Rebel pilots who "can't hold on" and merely "impact on the surface".

Thus Luke, an ex-dirt farmer turned star blazing SNAG, wins the day and *Star Wars* encourages a generation of males to get in touch with their feelings and use the force to win a Princess.

—JASON RICHARDSON



(above) Darth says: "Just because you've got a breathing problem doesn't mean you can't rule the galaxy"

★★★★★

STAR WARS

Directed by George Lucas

Greater Union

Rated PG

How I'm supposed to be able to write an objective review of *Star Wars* is beyond me... this is a movie that came out at about the same time that I did, and has had about as much importance in my life as chocolate milk, my parents and sunlight.

From the moment that I ran into the cinema to the sound of *that* theme music, just in time to see those yellow words scrolling up the screen towards galaxies far, far away, I guess I had already decided how many stars this film would be getting. This is an archetypal (and enjoyable) story of good versus evil, of a mystical life force that connects everyone and everything, of adventure, love, (albeit a bit incestuous at first) danger, tragedy, comedy, hope and just about all the other big themes you can think of, including universal tolerance for every kind of creature that George's imagination could dream up. Ms. Hanson take note.

I suppose I should just concentrate on the new bits then... Well, for those of you out there (like me) who have not, up until now, had the opportunity of seeing *Star Wars* on the big screen, you're in for a treat. The sound is deafening, (as it should be) Darth Vader

looks ten times as bad, and the whole thing just becomes even more epic. Without wanting to give it all away, I'll just say that the new special effects are flawless, and well worth the wait — you find them all. Even Princess Leia's lipstick looks shinier. (Sorry, but I have had a thing for her since I was about three and a half...) The only vaguely annoying moment comes when you realise that they've tried to make Han look like less of a murderer, which struck me as a bit too PC, seeing as audiences have loved him for twenty years anyway. Rest assured in the knowledge that he's still a lovably selfish crook, and a far better shot than any green, mercenary scum.

For the younger amongst us, who did not grow up with these movies, Luke's whining, the slightly stilted and corny dialogue, and the 70s fashion (love those Storm Trooper codpieces) might seem a bit dated, but I don't think that really detracts too much from the story and the excitement. People of all ages were still jumping in their seats, and I think I sensed a barely repressed desire to cheer at the end throughout the whole cinema. I was a bit worried that Lucas and Co. wouldn't be able to resist the urge to radically change the film, but all they have done is succeed in making it even more endearing to old fans, and more appealing to new ones. What was once a classic with a small "c" has definitely been transformed into a Classic.

—PAUL H

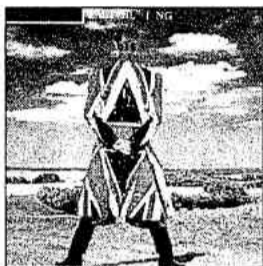
reviews

music

★★★★

EARTHLING

David Bowie



From Davie Jones to Ziggy Stardust, from the Thin White Duke to simply Bowie, the artist formerly known as just about everything has made headlines for all the wrong reasons. Bisexuality, drug abuse and a super-model marriage (as if any of these come as a surprise) stole headlines while Bowie struggled to maintain an infrequent and insipid output of music represented most significantly by the patchy rock band offerings of Bowie's three year, two album project, *Tin Machine*.

Long term fans may have begun to despair. You may have been forgiven for believing that David Bowie had sacrificed his creative talents in a Faust-like deal with the devil for eternal youth. Clearly, however, this is not the case. Bowie is back in a big way with *Earthling*. This is an album quite unlike any other Bowie has recorded. Assembling a new band Bowie defies those who would attribute his ongoing hipness to what he has done rather than what he is doing now.

And *Earthling* is hip, be assured of that. From the first frenetic palpitations of Little Wonder, Bowie and Band embark upon a set heavily influenced by the current U.K. phenomena of Jungle and Drum and Bass. Pounding drum beats underpin layer upon layer of delightful noise. For those of you not entirely enchanted with electronic music (and that list includes me) this album represents what the emerging medium is capable of. *Earthling* is instantaneously derivative and innovative — dual qualities which characterise Bowie at his best. *Earthling* signifies an exciting, vibrant, 50 year old Bowie who unlike his early 80's rock contemporaries (Rod Stewart, Phil Collins etc) is not prepared to forsake experimental creativity for a chance to milk the classic hits cashcow.

Musical highlights are many and varied: "Seven Years In Tibet" features a subversive, Nine Inch Nails like drum beat with funky horn sounds and the unmistakable Bowie voice overlaid. The wonderful sentiment embodied in "I'm Afraid Of Americans" is matched by the powerful music driving the song and "Dead Man Walking" features a more Prodigy influenced sound with a unique Bowie slant. *Earthling* is an album which innovates and challenges, reinstating David Bowie as a major creative force and reinforcing the coolness and credibility that

accompanied him through a period where he really didn't deserve them. Buy it and you too can be hip.

—DAN SILKSTONE

★★★

IXNAY ON THE HOMBRE

The Offspring



In their newest offering, *Ixnay on the Hombre*, The Offspring provide a formula identical to their previous releases, that will be of no surprise to existing fans. The band provide the same route to success as they have taken before: simple but catchy guitar lines over basic chord progressions. Without challenging themselves too much, the band has produced a mediocre album that will break no ground and do little more than appease the existing fans.

In keeping with current grunge trends, The Offspring give dialogue throughout the album. In place of an opening track is "Disclaimer", which really only provides an introduction to the predicability ahead. Further into the album we get "Intermission", which arrives at exactly the moment that the album gains momentum, almost to the point of credibility. I was unable to uncover a Mystery hidden track, although it does seem the perfect compliment to an album of this calibre.

Personally, I think The Offspring sound a little too much like Greenday on speed to gain any points for originality. I will however, concede that try as I may, the melodies from the album do stick in my head as something more than elevator music. The songs are simple and catchy, without being memorable. Perfect for those not easily annoyed.

—NICOLE SMITH

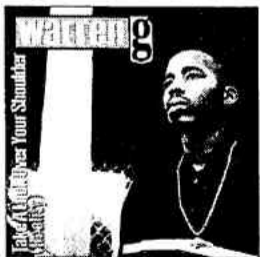
★★

TAKE A LOOK OVER YOUR

SHOULDER

Warren G

Mercury Records



I was never really a fan of West Coast Rap, and with the release of this album, my opinion was firmly set. Over the years, mainstream rap has become weaker, sappier and increasingly repetitive. I enjoyed the older stuff a lot more — it was funny to listen to because you didn't have to take it too seriously. Red Man, The Goats, Funkdoobiest, Public Enemy, N.W.A, and 2 Live Crew all show a fair degree of talent with their songs.

Warren-G, on the other hand, does not. This album is a blurred concoction of narcissistic drool. Warren Griffin is Dr. Dre's brother, and mates with Snoop Doggy Dog, but despite these "blood" ties, he doesn't fail to disappoint me. With his elaborately titled "G-Funk" style he has managed to rip off all rappers and musicians before him in his own way. He follows the mainstream rap formula: he doesn't like other people, he smokes cheeba, and he has a lot of sex. I know these details because he told me when he wasn't shooting the Sheriff or ripping off the *Transformers* theme song. I think he should rewrite the titles to most of his songs just so he can be a little more frank, for example: Track 3 — "Smokin' Me Out" could become "I Smoke Pot" and Track 4 — "Reverend Easy Dick" could become "I have a Large Phallus (and I Use it for Sex)". He was even desperate enough to rip off Tina Turner (I was insulted, I have some front row tickets to her concert). Track 5 — "Reality" finally stirred me into dancing mode — I dropped my pants a notch, propped my hat up egg-style on my head, and pranced around like Bill Cosby after a visit to the Proctologist.

Despite feeling foolish, dancing gave me a reason not to hate this album too much, I'm just not a huge fan of BoyzIIMen meets Parliament meets a bong meets Frank Sinatra on a broken record. Warren-G gets a star for making me dance foolishly, and another star because my mother liked it. Warren-G should have tagged along with his brother.

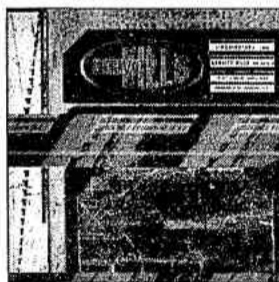
—JIM RICHTER

★★

GRAVITY KILLS

Gravity Kills

Virgin / EMI



Apparently, Gravity Kills are the future of rock. Apparently, this American four piece have been storming up charts all over the world, and gaining the respect of their peers. Apparently, this "industrial" rock band is the best thing to hit the music world since... the invention of big amps. Bollocks.

Admittedly, I'm not the biggest Nine Inch Nails fan in the world, but I like to think that I can recognise good, original music when I hear it, even if I don't dig it. Gravity Kills seem to specialise in derivative, unimaginative music, with that crucial ooh-aren't-we-at-the-cutting-edge-of-music industrial edge. By that I mean scratchy, metallic noises, big wads of guitar noise, "my relationship is poisoned" vocals and hard drum loops. How exciting.

The press release and included reviews go on at great length about how the band's hard edge is perfectly combined with hook-laden songs and "pop sensibility". I think some people in the oh-so scary world of industrial music have forgotten that a big fat riff repeated over and over for four minutes

does not necessarily constitute a hook, and that it's not hard to fill your songs with chord progressions when you only use two chords. Maybe I'm just getting prematurely sad and old, and listening to far too much Big Star, but haven't Ministry and Mr. Reznor been doing this (with much more creative style and imagination) for three or four years already?

And so we come to the most annoying aspect of this band (just when you thought I couldn't be any more scathing)... the vocalist. In the first single "Guilty", he moves from sinister whisper in the verse to angry scream in the chorus, and this proves to be his, and the band's, only approach. They do that quiet and threatening verse to full-on chorus quite well actually... but on every bloody song.

I'm amazed that the music industry could dribble with excitement over this. (Well, not really...). This album is bearable as intense background noise, and if you love this kind of music, you will probably think this is OK, but it's hardly an important contribution to the genre. Just tape it off someone who has already bought it — apparently, there are lots of buyers out there. Beats me.

—PAUL H.

books

★★

FINISHING SCHOOL FOR BLOKES

Peter Cameron

Allen & Unwin

rrp \$16.95



In spite of the massive expansion in Australia's tertiary system, a mystique still surrounds the nation's educational institutions. The notion that an elite college such as St Andrew's (of Sydney University) can extend a defining influence by means of its old boys network underpins Peter Cameron's work, and is arguably its only justification. For, in other respects, this book reads like a two-hundred page claim for unfair dismissal.

Peter Cameron is a former Presbyterian minister appointed as Principal of St. Andrew's College. A Scotsman, he set himself the ambitious task of reforming the atavistic College by making it coeducational, and reducing the power of an insular and incompetent College Council. Both moves were unsuccessful, leading to his resignation in 1995 and subsequent return to his native land.

In *Finishing School For Blokes*, Cameron analyses his failure, and tries to use it as a prism through which to see the wider causes

of the "Australian disease". He considers this disease as an incapacity to accept individualism, and a prevailing utilitarian ethos in education. His method, however, fails him. The tracing of the Byzantine webs of conspiracies, alliances and betrayals obscures any coherent theme. A whole chapter is dedicated to the operations and history of the Senior Common Room, a tedious indulgence granted to the author.

Nevertheless, the anecdotal rendition of the more recognizable rituals of college life, almost all involving copious amounts of alcohol, is enjoyably given. A sneaking admiration for the bizarre and high-spirited hooliganism of St Andrew's students is detectable, though after their worst excesses, Cameron finds himself asking: "Why are students' horizons limited by beer, chicks and footy?" For good measure he includes a lengthy rebuke he gave to the student body after a particularly raucous celebration of a sporting victory.

It is only in the final chapter that his conclusions about the cause of his defeat in the battle to modernise the attitudes and structure of the College bears fruit. Though acknowledging the impertinence of pronouncing on national character, Cameron identifies an inability to deal with the substance of dissent in Australian institutions, and the fundamental insecurity which an assumed air of relaxation (epitomised by the phrase "she'll be right") can mask, as two of its features. Even if they come in an at times imperfect form, these conclusions are too important to be ignored.

—GARTH CRAWFORD

★
KEANU
Sheila Johnston
Macmillan
rrp \$29.95



Warning: All fans of Keanu Reeves, read no further, for the words I am about to say will be blasphemous to your sorry little ears.

To begin with, I am flabbergasted as to how any self-respecting author could even consider writing a book about an actor who is as enigmatic as soggy Weetbix and shows about as much talent as flies on a dead dog. Yet, Sheila Johnston has not only managed to write 222 pages of drool, but in those pages, there is hardly a single paragraph that does not contain some fawning description of Keanu's 'incredible' talent. I personally managed to throw up no less than 36 times while reading this book.

It follows the usual pattern of such biographies; charting the boy-next-door's meteoric rise to stardom, whilst constantly praising his extreme modesty and 'normalness', and expressing amazement at the range of

his acting abilities. Much of the book seems to devote attention to the rumours of homosexuality that have followed the megahimbo, but there's nothing there I haven't already read in *Who* magazine. There is the inevitable troubled childhood, and difficulties at school, which appears to be intended to endear the reader even more to the wonder that is Keanu Reeves.

Having said that, I recognise that, being extremely skeptical of Mr Reeves' acting abilities and general attractiveness, both of face, body and character, I am perhaps being a little unfair in my treatment of this potential masterpiece. However, I would definitely recommend that this book be read at your own risk, unless you are an avid fan of the guy or need a good chunky something to prop up that wobbly leg on your bed. The clincher for me, the point at which myself and many other potential reviewers decided this book joined the auspicious league of truly hideous books (which includes the Sweet Valley High series and anything by Naomi Campbell), was the chapter title: "Young, Dumb, and full of Cum." Need I say more.

—BIANCA NOGRADY

★★★
ELEVEN MONTHS IN BUNBURY
James Ricks
Allen & Unwin
rrp \$14.95



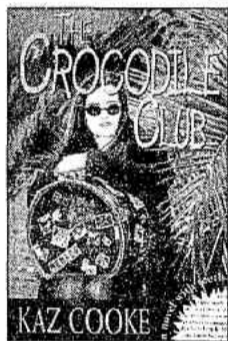
One might be tempted to place this novel under the rubric of "Grunge Literature" or "Dirty Realism" currently in vogue; certainly the characteristic signs of drugs, degeneration, alienation and abuse exist. James Ricks spent eleven months in Bunbury, a small town in Western Australia, working in a sawmill where forced relationships with fellow labourers are as tough as the work itself. He conveys the gritty details of Bunbury life where pick-up lines like "You've got real nice tits" are still compliments, and beer, bongos, fights and sex are its external expressions. At the core of this novel is an exploration of male identity, and the complexity of men's relationships with themselves, each other, family and with women. The story shifts between the perspective of two main characters, Nelson and Jim. Nelson is the inarticulate Australian male who is unable to express his feelings in any way other than the physical: love is expressed through sex, hate or insecurity through aggression, anxiety or loneliness through alcohol. Tensions in the "smoko room" are a microcosm of the Bunbury male world. It is a competitive place where difference or weakness is crushed, and porn lines the walls like wall paper. When someone asks what the blokes would do if the world ended tomorrow, one answer is to rape a chick up the arse because he could get

away with it. Jim, by comparison, is intelligent and forced into a world alien to his sensitivities. His will to write and free himself through art is crippled by monotonous and senseless labour. While the others feel frustration and aggression, Jim is able to articulate the "meaningless human condition". For Jim, a seeder of "truth", happiness is somewhere else, and Bunbury is a path to nihilism.

This is a good first novel, despite Ricks' tendency to state the obvious, and despite the sharp and monotonous prose that becomes trying. *Eleven months in bunbury* is a novel which animates and de-mystifies a world little understood by "city dwellers" and poses some deeper questions about the nature of perspective, happiness and existence. Worth reading, if only to gain a sense of "how the other half live".

—BEN REEVES

★★★★
THE CROCODILE CLUB
Kaz Cooke
Allen & Unwin
rrp \$14.95



This is basically a romance novel... on a strange cocktail of recreational drugs. Set in the near future, the storyline romps along, making fun of most things that a lot of us find distasteful, such as racism, corruption and overpriced drinks in trendy bars.

Beautiful magician's assistant Selina Plankton has had a bad week: she's been fired from her job, evicted from her home, she's completely broke, and has just been sawn in half for the last time. To top it all off she has just found out her boyfriend has been unfaithful to her. She meets a dashing psychologist, Jock Jovanovich, of Serbian-Scottish origin who gives her \$10,000 on their first meeting to cheer her up. He also happens to own one of the world's largest collections of Hawaiian shirts.

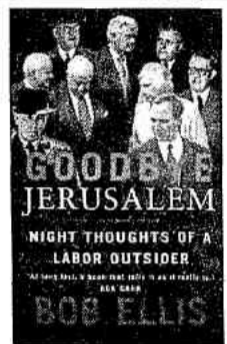
What follows is a wild romp around Melbourne and Darwin and involves a mental patient who thinks he's a multi-millionaire businessman, attempted murder, aboriginal dancers wielding

clubs, crooked politicians, a lesbian ABC journalist out to bring down the NT government, and a general comment on the pathology of the population of the Top End.

This is one of the wittiest novels I have read in a long time and people who like the work of authors like Ben Elton would absolutely love this novel.

—ADAM MCGLASHAN

★★★★
GOODBYE JERUSALEM
Bob Ellis
Random House
rrp \$19.95



For many years, Ellis has personified the witty and quick-minded humour which has come to be associated with many of Labor's senior ministers and leaders throughout Australia. He seems either to know



(right) Sheila Johnston states in *Keanu* that one American university offers a course entitled 'The Films of Keanu Reeves'. University of Canberra students may enjoy a similar course in years to come

personally, or possess detailed information about, all senior Labor figures in State and Federal politics. Ellis is unashamedly Labor, indeed rabidly so. As with all such partisan droolers from either the right or left, his simplistic and narrow explanations of Labor defeats, victories and crises leave a lot to be desired. Basically, what I am saying is look somewhere else for the low-down on Labor's defeats.

Having said this, I must confess to having enjoyed this book immensely. Read this book to understand Labor and Australian politics from the viewpoint of someone closely involved with the left for over 20 years. Picture Kim Beazley aiming an old cadet .303 rifle at hated Liberal-National members as they began moving into the ministerial wing after the election defeat. Ellis' hatchet-jobs on Bronwyn Bishop, which are a recurring theme throughout the book, are classics. Take, for example, his dogged pursuit of her during the contest for the Lower House seat of Mackellar in 1993. In one memorable scene, Ellis' dog tried to mount Bishop's dog, in what I would call a massive sacrifice of personal (canine) dignity for a greater cause. It's a pity that Ellis couldn't have done the same to Bishop... at the polls of course.

If you are looking for a humorous and in-depth account of politics from an unashamedly partisan and personal viewpoint, I recommend that you slip out and buy a copy of this book now. If you still can: Random House have withdrawn the book from sale after threats of legal action from some of those personalities mentioned by Ellis. Perhaps Ellis was, and is, too close to the action for anyone's comfort.

—BEN STAUGHTON

the worst virus known to man on their own GIs, or the scene in which they meet their fathers (although they don't realise that it is actually them) who boast about having had sex with some "sluts" in the boys' home town.

The film carries out a subtle criticism of America via its parody of every American 'Buddy Film' ever made. Icon-status movies such as *Easy Rider* and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* are here subverted by the total, unrelentingly moronic behaviour of the protagonists who particularly specialise in inuendo — they laugh all day and into the night about being locked in a car boot with a jack — and the complete aesthetic bankruptcy of the animation adds to the bleakness of the suburban sprawl-world inhabited by the two friends.

People accuse *Beavis and Butt-head* of being amoral, sexist, racist, ugly and inane — which is all completely true — but like all great satire *Beavis and Butt-head* is unmercifully truthful, and the truth can be as frightening as it is funny.

—BRENDAN SHANAHAN

★★★

KOLYA

Directed by Jan Sverak

Electric Shadows

Rated M

Kolya won the Oscar for Best Foreign Film, and it's easy to see why. It is a very easy film to watch — enormously entertaining, filmed with sensitivity, topped by a score full of lovely cello and flawless acting. Director Jan Sverak cast his father Zdenek as Louka, the Batchelor cellist down



(above) The man's old, the kid's cute — no wonder it won an Oscar

on his luck, and five year-old Andrej Chalimon as the abandoned Child that gives the film its name. The plot is not a new one, the but pattern of events is framed in a way that is different to what you might have seen before.

Instead of the standard Hollywood interpretation, complete with complementary sugar syrup spraying from the screen (just in case the ending isn't sickly sweet enough), and bloody Macaulay Culkin as the kid, *Kolya* is a film which respects the audience. Sverak moves beyond the tawdry dramas of bad kids and irritated men, and explores the relations between the occupied Czech and occupying Russian cultures in 1988, just before the "Velvet Revolution". *Kolya* speaks only Russian, and Louka only Czech, providing the basis for the development of a complicated relationship of mutual under-

standing, and eventually, love.

Generally speaking, nice films aren't my cup of tea, but *Kolya* is more than a feelgood flick. While it never strays too far into the politics of the Revolution, which was completely peaceful (I think), you are aware that the characters are located at a particular place and time. This gives great depth to the story, located as it is before the end of the USSR or the re-unification of Germany.

As good as this film is, I don't believe that it deserved to be recognised as the best film made outside America last year. While it is very good in all respects, *Kolya* has an old plot, and it's a soft film. In giving best film to *The English Patient*, perhaps the Oscars committee used up all the daring they had.

—ADRIAN REGAN

★

LOST HIGHWAY

Directed by David Lynch

Electric Shadows

Rated M

Lost Highway tries too hard. Lynch is like a Doc-wearing 15-year-old who has listened to too much Cure, with pretensions of subtlety and a propensity for nerdy depression. Give him a big budget, way too much film, and a *Nine Inch Nails* soundtrack and we get an already dated looking nineties film noir cliché. The twisted images and surreal sequences jar with the poor dialogue and out of place humour. The scenes that do actually make sense would have been cool in about 1990. How innovative, a musician living in a mod apartment with his *Pulp Fiction* Uma-esque girlfriend.

Lost Highway has no plot. This film is not good enough not to have a plot. Lynch starts traditional narrative sequences but leaves the ends untied in a way that's not clever, but oblique and annoying. The audience is teased with the idea that the story will be resolved or explained and it never is. As to technical ability, Lynch uses it in such an obvious manner that it's distracting. You keep thinking "Oh, that's clever", but really it's not that clever. His preoccupation with the visual makes potentially tense scenes laboured and even boring. It was also disappointing to see scenes and images repeated from *Blue Velvet*, including the often featured fast highway passage.

Some of the more impressionable viewers will have heard about one of the most exciting avant-garde filmmakers of our time. Even though they left confused and disappointed they will have lacked the courage of their convictions, muttering "I'm sure that was a well made film", or "well, it was interesting?..." I should reassure them that the best conclusion to come to is that *Lost Highway*, like much of David Lynch's work, doesn't work.

—SVEN ARNISON

films

★★★★

BEAVIS & BUTT-HEAD

Greater Union

Rated M

Poor old Americans, they're much more angst-ridden than the rest of the world is willing to give them credit for. We all assume that Americans see it as their birth-right to rule the world and pump as much crap, both cultural and physical, into their creation as they want, but *Beavis and Butt-head Do America* proves that this is not the case.

Beavis and Butt-head is one of the cleverest entertainment creations of recent years because they manage to simultaneously parody American trash whilst wholeheartedly embracing its tacky awfulness. Apart from the fact that their idiotic banter can be screamingly funny, (just watch them deconstruct some of the worst video clips of all time) it also has an unremittingly bleak attitude towards contemporary American society. One need only look at the scene in the new film where the government tests

(right) *Beavis and Butt-head* — American trash and proud



bonus giveaway

Woroni has 5 copies of the new Veruca Salt single plus 5 copies of the new Gravity Kills single to give away just come into the office and show us you've had one of the winners to WIN WIN WIN!

smash hits

album

Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me

Ahh... The Cure. Think back to the late 70s and the 80s, and if your date of birth prevents you from doing this, then think of those spiky haired, makeup wearing Englishmen who embodied alternative rock during that period. Think intense, extreme, emotive music and you're thinking of The Cure. The release of their 1992 album *Wish* had more mainstream success than any of their previous albums and maybe this was the reason that many of the critics believed it to be The Cure's best work yet. The album went to number one in the UK, and saw four successful singles released. Maybe I'm just speaking for myself, (after all, I'm just a young 'un and was still in my formative years in '92) but what *Wish* also did was to open the doors to the music of The Cure through a desire to hear their earlier albums. For me, you have to go back to 1987 and listen to The Cure's double album *Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me* to hear The Cure at their finest. *Kiss Me Kiss Me* was to be the last album with Lol Tolhurst, one of the group's founding members, and the whole album seemed to be a change in direction for The Cure. At the time, the band had been in existence for a decade, and what this double album produced was more potent and extreme than anything The Cure had done previously. Witness the passionate emotion of the opening song "The Kiss". Nearly four minutes of some of the most soul-grabbing guitar work before you're hit with the lyrics 'Kiss me. Your tongue is like poison. I never wanted any of this. I wish you were dead.' Ah, such anguish; so erotic. Oh Rob, anything you say. Then do as the man tells you and writhe to the seductive music of "The

Snakepit". Even with the almost uplifting music of Why Can't I Be You these boys are full-on — no one knows obsession like he Cure. Whether in torment or in bliss, The Cure has never been one to do anything without fervour. And you're never closer to the passion of The Cure than with the music of *Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me*.
—KATE JONES

book

The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy

What a brilliant concept pulled off with mind-bending genius — at least it seemed to be in grade six. It's hard to explain this book properly (and attempting to cover the 'trilogy' will be even harder). However, vaguely, this is it: Ford Prefect, an alien stranded on earth, tells Arthur Dent that the Earth is about to be demolished to make way for an interplanetary highway. Together they hitch a ride on the forces of destruction, a Vogon fleet, with an electronic thumb, but are caught by the Vogons who throw them into space where the Heart of Gold, a ship with an improbability drive, recently stolen by Zaphod Beeblebrox — president of the universe, and two-headed hip dude — accidentally picks them up in the stolen ship because the odds of being rescued in space are so miserably low. They then go on to find out that the meaning of life the universe and everything is 42. They also have many adventures and meet Marvin the dysfunctional robot and Slarty Bartfast. Eventually, after many twists and arthritis inducing turns, and many dry jokes in the same biological vein, the stories end fairly happily.

That's a rather vague run-down of the



(above) This book contains the meaning of life.

story as it has happened, though sequels will probably be forthcoming as Adams continually says he won't write another and promptly does. He's not on the same level as Terry Pratchett however, who writes an Adams clone biannually, and probably does as good and as English a job each time.

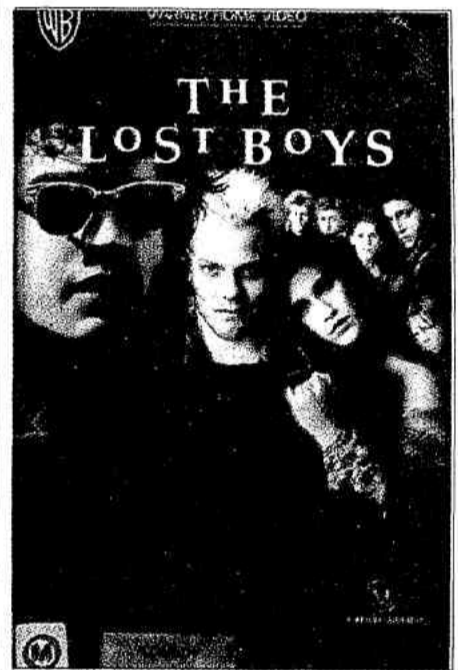
The problem with Adams is that essentially he's a fat boring lush who's very English in a slightly amusing post-WWI foppish sort of manner. Lacking the insight of Evelyn Waugh, he relies solely on formulaic gags and the popularity of science fiction farce — though he probably did invent this sub-genre of dubious merit. He deserves a pat on the back for his absurd plots but unfortunately for him, Adams will have to survive in the same comfy box of history that contains such cultural monstrosities as undergraduate Klingon, Communications and Cancer Literature.

He's talented in a complacent non-confrontational fashion though, and I had tons of fun reading and rereading his novels when I was little. I once loved Adams' books, so in turning against him I turn against a part of myself which is saddening, but then again, grade six me probably wasn't a person I'd rush to embrace.
—JULIAN HENDERSON

movie

The Lost Boys

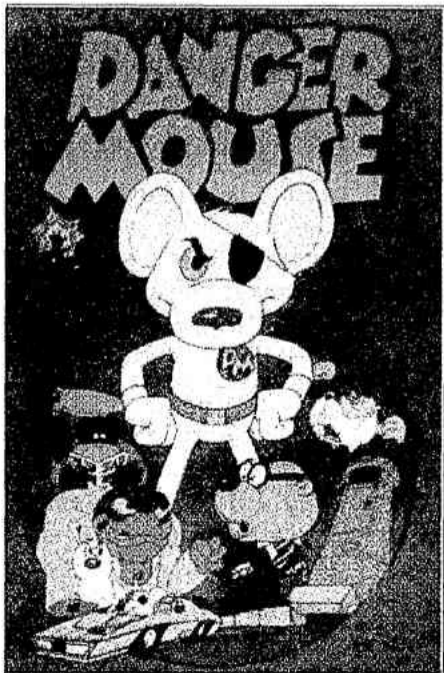
Before Tom Cruise corrupted Brad Pitt in the infamous "Interview"; before Tarantino went a little psycho with "From Dusk till Dawn"; Kiefer Sutherland went after Jason Patric with only the Frog Brothers to stop him. *The Lost Boys* fits most of the criteria for the classic 80's movie (as defined in the last edition); made in 1987 it stars not one, but two Coreys. A definitive Joel Schumacher directed master piece, *The Lost Boys* streams with blood, dead animals and boys running around screaming. I was most disappointed to find the video in the Comedy section, if you take this film seriously, as a thriller, it's just much better, especially with lines like "Kill your brother, you'll feel better", and "You're a vampire Mike. Just wait till Mom finds out". A story



(above) With Kiefer and both Coreys, *The Lost Boys* was destined to become a classic

revolving around many a gorgeous long-haired 80's spunk, and of course Noonook, *The Lost Boys* found a starring role in many late night video parties. With finesse-lacking special effects it is the soundtrack that really makes this movie a masterpiece. (Hey it couldn't have been the acting — the older guys brooded, the younger guys screamed, the women were unbelievably cliched "we're still friends aren't we?", it was left to Gramps and his stuffed owl to give the film some acting credibility.) In 1987 you could only get the soundtrack on record or cassette, but what a soundtrack it is. Featuring Jimmy Barnes, INXS and other pinnacles of the 80s rock era whom you've probably never heard of, the music wanted you to dance and party as the vampire suffered cruelly due to "Death by Stereo" and cry when Kiefer's evil look found angelic beauty in death, "Cry little Sister, thou shall not fall", and who could forget that saxophonist on the boardwalk; those hips, that chest, that hair. *The Lost Boys* didn't want to make you feel good, they wanted you to have a good time; and, hey, if you had to eat your brother to do that, then go ahead.
—ROSLYN DUNDAS

tv show



(above) Danger Mouse and Penfold... just good friends?

Danger Mouse

Danger Mouse was the epitome of cartoon good guys. He had the charisma, style and sex appeal of 007.

For all you cartoon illiterate people who have repressed the memories of your childhood for various reasons, Danger Mouse was a super hero. He was a mouse that saved the human race from the evil of Baron Greenback. A sexually deprived toad.

Danger Mouse had it all — looks, a TV show and a cool flying car. Most importantly he had a trade mark — scrawled on his chest were stylised initials DM. In the late eighties this trade mark could be seen scribbled all over Canberra, as young juveniles showed their adulation for this small rodent. Yes! This little white mouse in his clinging white jumpsuit made pre-pubescent boys and girls tune into the ABC every weekday.

DM's sidekick was a little round mole wearing 70s style glasses bearing the appropriately annoying name of Penfold. Penfold was a neurotic, nervous character that never put his faith in DM. Everyone had a guy like Penfold at their school, I had two. Along with Penfold, there was the Chief. A witless hamster with all the important info. He was the stereotypical male boss, who even when his world had been saved from Baron

Greenbacks "quirky and off the wall" antics, still refrained from showing emotion.

Danger Mouse was a cartoon that dealt with real issues and real problems — such as the episode when all the domestic appliances plotted together to take over the world or the one when a duplicating machine made hundreds of copies of Penfold. Danger Mouse also explained world phenomena — note the episode when DM investigated the elusive Bermuda Triangle. And what did he find? The dastardly Baron Greenback. We are talking about serious problems here.

As in most cartoons, DM had an underlying theme of morality. The adult propaganda seeped into our bones like acid but we didn't care. DM satisfied our expectations as a super hero and spiced them with humour.

As I get older, I am beginning to realise some of the ephemeral questions surrounding *Danger Mouse*. Why were there no female character's? Are the rumours of DM's homosexuality true? Where were all the humans? and what was Baron Greenback's problem?

Danger Mouse didn't need to explain though, we loved him anyway because he was a mouse that gave a shit, a mouse that cared.

—LUCY COUSINS

FLiPSiDE

if there was a prob e

profile

by Brendan Shanahan

Happy to be Harvey

In a national survey, people were once asked what they associated with Canberra; Channel Nine's political correspondent Peter Harvey came second after New Parliament House. Peter has since moved to Sydney, but he has yet to lose his status as a Canberra icon. We wanted to know more about the walking War Memorial, so we quizzed him on what it's like to be the personification of televised Australian politics, and also one of the longest standing members of the Canberra Press Gallery.

Do you find it strange that you became a Canberra icon?

It was simply because I stayed there for 25 years.

Was it true that you were the youngest journalist to ever win a Walkley award — at age nineteen? What was the story about? Yes, it was back in 1963, and it was for a police rounds story about the murder of some gangsters.

You covered Vietnam and the New York race riots. What was it like to be covering 60s historical icons like those?

Well at the time, you really don't think too much about them, they're simply part of a job that you do for day-to-day journalism. You really shouldn't think that the things you're doing become part of history until they are.

Was it technically difficult trying to get in and cover Vietnam?

Oh no. Vietnam was an extremely easy war to cover. It was a war that the Americans wanted covered and the Australians wanted covered, there was lots of opportunities for correspondents.

You've worked under several different PMs. Who were the ones you liked? Who were the ones who gave you good stories and who ignored you?

Oh well, the very best stories were Malcom Fraser and Gough Whitlam. What happened on November 11, '75 was just extraordinary. Bob Hawke was the most colourful, though. **Did you like them personally, or did you simply rate them by the stories they were giving you?**

Well, I certainly didn't dislike any of them. **Someone told me you saw Bob Hawke naked once. Is that true?**

Yes, three times.

Where?

That's far enough. Those stories are a bit special.

Do you regret leaving Canberra?

No.

Do you see a hierarchy of journalism — are political stories, for instance, more important than news stories?

The stories that matter the most are the stories that matter to the most people.

Do you go into a story thinking "Unless this story matters to a majority of Australians then it's not worth doing."?

I think that I would say "Is this story relevant to a majority of the audience?" and the answer then is yes or no.

So whether the audience perceives it as being relevant to them or not, you'd have to make a judgement about the degree to which this will affect them?

Yes, in short terms.

Do you worry about having your work edited in a way you didn't like?

No, because you do tend to have control.

Do you ever worry that television is perceived as being either more or less important, less intellectual or—

By whom?

Well obviously the general public turn to television— You could turn it around and say that ninety percent of people get their news from TV and the rest get it from newspapers.

Do you worry that TV journalism is viewed as being full of flippant shaggy dog

stories?

No.

Do you ever see it happening?

Yes I guess about as often as I do with newspapers.

Has there been a time when you've taken exception to something like that?

More often in papers than on TV. I've found over the years that there is more discipline and demand required on TV than there ever was on a paper.

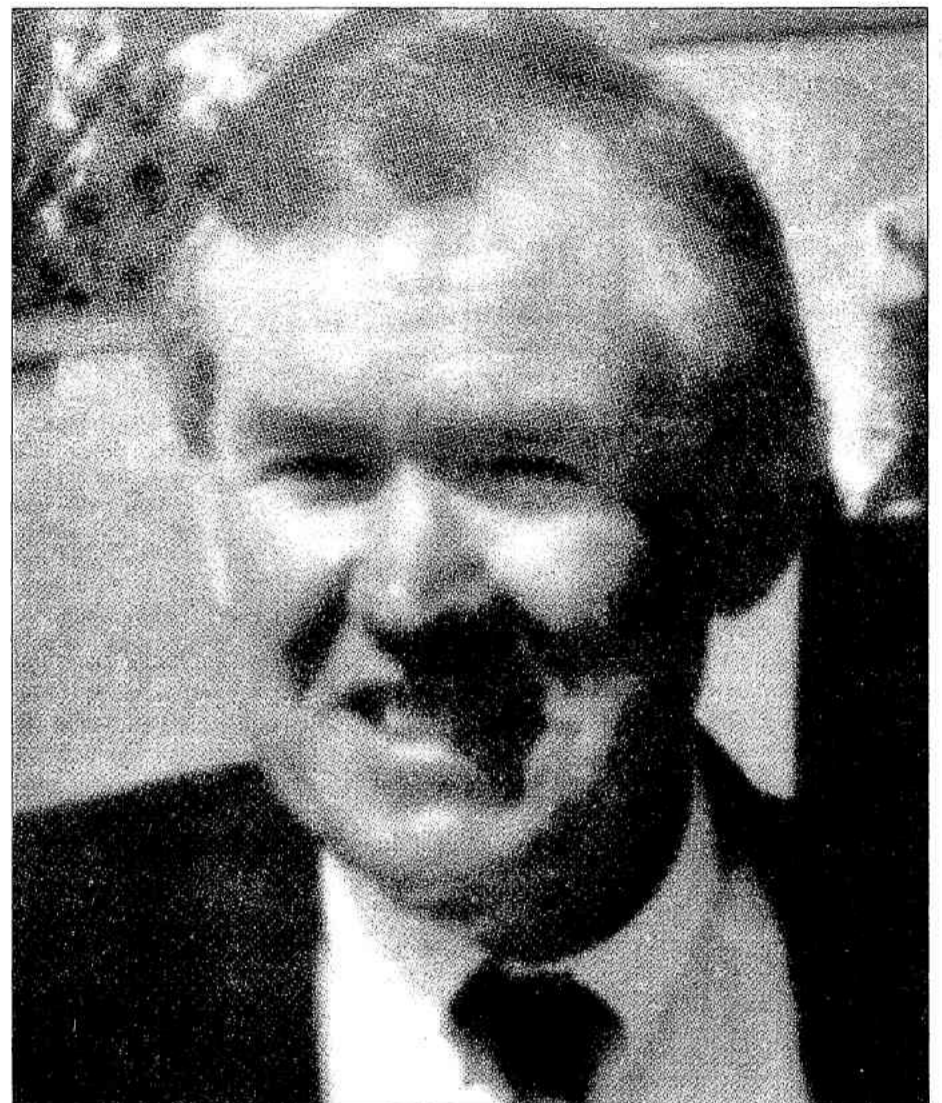
In what sense?

Accuracy, preciseness, usage of the language.

Is this because in television so many more people are going to be seeing your stories?

No it's much simpler really, it's because the

"Is it true that you once saw Bob Hawke naked?"



(above) Peter Harvey in Canberra

audience only have one chance. They get it once or its lost, but with newspapers they can go back and read it again.

You must worry that your one chance has to be accurate.

Worry's not the word. You're concerned that it's right.

Have you got anything that you really want to say about your philosophy for being a really good TV journalist?

Essentially I think that it's the same for any journalist.

But you've told me that the two aren't the same. Television and paper aren't the same so surely there's some difference?

I haven't said that, I've said that the application of the medium differs but the journalist themselves remains the same.

Do you think that the medium can dominate the content? Television simply becomes enough on its own. The pictures, and the very fact that television and personality become intertwined, mean that people will believe things on television without the same justifications that other media may have to go through?

In simple terms yes, I think I agree with you. **So you agree that this can become a problem, but is it more a problem for the viewer or for the journalist?**

Well in the first place for the journalist.

For their sense of ethics?

Yes it becomes a very difficult question for the journalist. I mean he has to sit down and sort it out and make sure that it's right. That can become a real problem.

Do you worry that your face and your on-

air personality is used to make-over a story that might otherwise have little interest or substance? For instance, if you're assigned a story, whether or not that story is newsworthy or not, it may become important to people simply because you're the person who's saying it?

No I don't, that judgement has to be in the eyes of others. It's not something that occurs to me in the course of a story. I mean it may to a Richard Carlton or one of those other people, but not to me.

Do you think that the Canberra Press Gallery is too sheltered?

I don't think that it's sheltered at all, but one of the things that I have found over the last couple of months is that they're much more exposed to an environment that the rest of the country pays no attention to.

Don't you think that it does get ridiculously incestuous here after a while?

No, I think that the Gallery in Canberra is absolutely representative of what it's doing, you mustn't lose sight of that.

Do you think that there's a danger of journalism becoming a glamour profession?

No I wouldn't have thought so. I doubt it. We're there basically to inform people, that's our job, it really is. We can be through a glass darkly, and our prism can be skew but essentially our job is to inform. We're there to make sure that the majority of the people have some idea of what the hell is going on and we must never lose sight of the fact that we're a conduit for information.

p e t e r h a r v e y

footnotes

Next issue:

If you don't recognise the name Susan Olsen, or the face pictured, left, it is probably because she was the only member of the original cast not to appear the reunion episode of *The Brady Bunch*. Yes, next issue we discover just what happened to Cindy Brady, as Susan discusses the rumours surrounding her disappearance and reveals the details of her drug habit, how she escaped from a bizarre religious cult, her abduction by aliens and most importantly, just what the hell she's doing to that baby.

Miss it and miss out.



Toilets moonlight as lonely hearts' clubs

I was alarmed yesterday when I went in to the toilets in the Uni bar area, not because of the foul stench, or because of the rotting nuggets of soap we are forced to use, but because of a little piece of graffiti I read that nearly broke my heart in two.

I quote, "Help, it hurts to be alone!"

Someone had replied in similar scrawl to this cry for help by saying "get a life then!" I don't know about you but I'd say this person has a successful career ahead of them in counseling.

The toilet cubicle wall is often an emotional billboard of passions, opinions and crap. This strange phenomenon fascinates me. One can spend much time visiting toilets to see if anyone has replied to a piece of their right wing ranting, or has offered a pearl of wisdom about a perplexing problem similar to that above.

My favourite aspect of toilet graffiti is the 'loo' pen friend. It's like checking for e-mail in a way. You're near the toilet, you think "...might just pop in to see if they've written back yet!" and then it becomes an addiction, you're calling in to this toilet every couple of days, hoping that today you might have word from your mysterious pen pal.

If you're wondering how to log on to this exclusive network of the information superhighway, the way to go about it is quite simple. Cruise by a few of the toilets, read the contents, find a little gem that inspires you in some way and write something incredibly provocative beside it. In a couple of days the primary author will return to the scene of their crime, witness your adden-



dum and be compelled to write back. (A sure fire way of getting a reply is to search for religious literature. Something like "God is All" I can really sink my teeth into.)

However the thing I find so sad these days is the outpouring of lonely hearts. In cubicle after cubicle I am

beginning to read things like "I'm 21 and a virgin! What's wrong with me?", "Where are all the men on this campus?", and the truly tragic "I want to go home!"

University can be a cruel environment to find yourself immersed in, especially if you've come from another city and left all your friends behind. I think the ANU can be especially alienating for the new comer. Canberra is not a big place (if you haven't already noticed), and ANU seems to be a big concentration of all the local schools, especially the local private schools. The majority of students come ready equipped with friends, boyfriends and girlfriends, self esteem, a large support network, fob chains, a knowledge of local bus routes, and parents who work in the public service who can provide many office supplies and free photocopying. Therefore, there is no inclination to meet new people and welcome them into the bosom of their clique.

Breathe easy, there is hope. I feel a strategy brewing and it can all be put into motion by the use of the toilet cubicle-hotlines. I urge all you lonely hearts out there to keep on writing, get to know one another, swap opinions, tell secrets, and then maybe, just maybe, suggest a meeting. This could be the start of the most open relationship you've ever had. I mean, who lies when they're on their own and in a place where no one will trace the source of information back to them?

So on your next visit, open your heart and mind as well as your bowels, and give a compassionate intelligent answer to the plea of the lonely.

—FELICITY P. MULLENS

classifieds

Accommodation information on the World Wide Web:

the ANU Housing Information Office maintains a list of accommodation wanted and available on the WWW: <http://www.anu.edu.au/admin/housing/accom.html>

ANU Touch Football: Eastern Conferences Games (Bathurst 8-11 July) Womens, mens and mixed squads. Sign up at the touch noticeboard (Sports Union) by Friday 11th April. Training 5:30-7:00pm South Oval (Behind Law School). All Welcome.

For Sale: Ford Escort 1977 sedan, v. good condition, auto, new tyre, well serviced, low km, \$1800 ono. Call Debesh on: 289 6273 (w) or 242 8640 (h).

For sale: VW 1967 Beetle \$2700, 12 months reg. all new tyres, clutch and reconditioned 1500 engine. Resprayed. Phone Keith, Department of Engineering ext

5433 or 295 1113 (h)

For sale: Subaru 1984 4WD Touring wagon, Bull Bar, Rego Jan 98, new tyres, \$5000. Call Alex: 069 473 3351 (h) or 069 47 3911 (mobile).

Wanted: trained masseuse for regular work in the *Woroni* office. Must be willing to work for free. Call 248 7127 ASAP.

All Nations Church invites you to the Sunday Worship Service: 10.30am at 6 Wallen Place, McKellar. Transport on request, call Vicki/Ren 257 3593 or Sergei 249 5982.

For sale: Kingswood HQ Sedan 1974 manual. Reg. 5/97. Runs well, \$800 ono. Call Luke or Kate 257 8868.

Internet volunteers wanted: Journalists, teachers, researchers, web designers, data entry operators, etc. Gain valuable skills and experience through Canberra

Volunteer Community Internet Service. Call Internet Business Association on 287 1115 or 248 9447

Housesitter available: mid march. Mind your house, pets, pool, garden. Excellent references, mature self-employed man. Call Richard on 230 1391.

2 housemates wanted: for fabulous 4 bedroom home in Braddon. 3 loungerooms, a deck, dishwasher and other sexy stuff. Call James or Emily immediately on 295 0246.

For Sale: Mazda 323 Sedan 1981. Cream. Very good condition, rego until 1/98, just passed last week. Call Katharina at 247 1126 (h) or 249 4193 (w).

Accommodation Wanted: PhD scholar seeks unfurnished 2-3 br accommodation within walking distance of ANU for around \$200/week. Must have an enclosed yard

for a dog. Call Derek Elias on 0419 819 163.

Accommodation Wanted: Academic couple seeks 1 or 2 br accommodation within walking distance to ANU. Call ANU Political Science Dept. on 249 2134 — ask for Louise or Crystal; or email louise@coombs.anu.edu.au

Accommodation wanted: Turner, O'Connor, Lyneham, Reid. Fully furnished share accommodation (or house-sit) for recent business masters. Minimum 2 months, max 6 months. Laidback Kiwi, non smoker, fit 40+, house considerate. Phone Ken on 279 4513 or 015 181 677.

For Rent: 3 br unfurnished house in Campbell with front balcony, enclosed garden & single carport. Close to schools & shops. \$220 per week. Call 251 1477.

For Rent: Partly furnished 2 br ground floor unit in Curtin. \$115

per week. Call 293 1312.

For Rent: 3 br solid brick home in Lyneham. Larger than average rooms, slow combustion stove in kitchen. Garage & enclosed dbl carport. \$220 per week. Phone 251 1477.

Wanted: Old magazines (especially pre-1992). We want *Dollies*, *Whos*, *Times*, *Cleos*, *Smash Hits*, anything. Drop them into the *Woroni* office (in the Students' Association, above the unibar). Please.

If you would like to place a free classified in *Woroni*, call Matt on 248 7127, or drop your ad into the *Woroni* office (limit of 30 words per ad).

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